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*Typical of many letters from American: liberated in the Philippines.

PARKER "51"

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THE LEATHERNECK, MAY, 1946 VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 5

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American



SOUND O

SAIPAN VIT SPEAKS

Sira:

I'm writing this in rebuttal to the letter of MGySgt. Walter Pace, in the February Sound Off. Pace, in the February Sound Off.
The Old Corps surely must have
been Utopia, for my Colonel
told me that when he joined,
some 20-odd years ago, the salts
used to say, "Tha Marines have
gone to hell. Now in the Old
Corps..."

Corps. . . "
I'd like nothing better than staying in the Corps, but you see, guns, it's impossible, for I lost my leg on Saipan. I only have about four years in the Corps, almost two of which have been great in this bostital. I am been spent in this hospital. I am not a regular, and not a draftee. I enlisted, so I am in the Re-

The only thing you old fogies did in peacetime was to keep the guns shined up, but we used them. I do have to admit that rates come fast in the "new" Corps. I am a PFC now, so you see I am grossly overpaid and underworked. Believe me, guns, if I had it to do over again, I know darn well I'd go through the same thing again, because I know we're the best in the world (and not because my DI said we were).
Some of the boys may want

out, but there are lots of us who wanted to make a career of the Corps. After reading your letter, though, I imagine you'd make life very rosy for the "boots" that want to stay in. I guess you never were a boot yourself.

Marines like you weren't born, you were issued!

PFC John A. Stone Philadelphia, Pa.

• In fairness, MGySgt. Pace did say, "... They have done what they were asked to do in a way that no one can question . . . "-Eds.

THE LIFE OF RILEY

Marine Corps history was made in Tsingtao, China, today! Age-old traditions were smashed;

the Old Corps is dead; long live the SS men! We arrived at the division fuel

dump in 6 by 6's, prepared to load the drums by hand, as we have done since this miserable detail began some months ago. Did we strain and groan, push and pull? No! A Seabee from the 32nd Special NCB offered his crane, and wonder of wonders, the Simon Legree in charge accepted the use of this mechanical monster.

ical monster. For the first time in Corps history peon labor gave way to modern science. At this rate we can expect anything to happen on future working parties, even dump trucks!

PFC J. Harms
PFC Paul L. Douglas
PFC B. J. Shukis
PFC E. L. Quinn
PFC R. P. Meehan

China

MAG 22 IN JAPAN

Sirs:

Several of us here in Japan would like the people in the States to know the truth about Marine Air Group 22, which hit the States about the 1st of December.

I, and half the men who were and nail the men who were with MAG 22 during the campaigns in 1945, read in the newspapers about the blowout and celebration that was given in their honor on their return Stateside.

The papers stated that the MAG had hit the beaches of Hollywood "intact." That is not Hollywood "intact." I hat is not true. After being aboard ship for 42 days waiting to go home, ap-proximately half the men of MAG 22 disembarked on November 16. On the last day we were transferred to MAG 31 here in Japan, and our places in MAG 22 were taken by men of MAG 31. That is how MAG 22 had 1300 men when they disembarked in the States.

I am not running down MAG 31, as I know for a fact that they did just as good a job in the same campaigns around Japan as did MAG 22, if not better.

But the newspaper reports have confused the folks back



home, and made us look like liars. Actually, half of the old MAG 22 are still sweating it out

Sgt. David J. Galvan

Japan

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of 22

G

 As you know, when a division or air wing is returned Stateside the general practice is to transfer low-point men out of, and high point men into the returning outfit. Thus, as you say half of the original MAG 22 was left in Japan. However, we are in-formed by Headquarters that this group had a higher percentage of its original personnel returned together than any other outfit to date. - Eds.

FOR A PILOT'S MOTHER

I am an ex-Marine, just recently discharged from service.

While I was on Okinawa, I saw a plane of ours go down in flames. I couldn't get if off my mind, for it happened on Mothers' Day. Before the day was over I wrote the poem below, in the hope that someday that flier's mother, whoever she may be, might have it to cherish:

Guns were bursting all around. And men were fighting on the ground.

But the men were men who were up there.

Flying and strafing without a

Then it happened - the time had come;

Some sweet mother was losing her son.

A plane was burning up in the sky, Then started down - some

lad must die. A wing came off, it was burn-

ing fast: Then fell behind the hill at

Some sweet mother has lost

Ex-Corp. Lee L. McCartney Lumberton, N. C.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Although I've done my share of griping, this is the first time I have ever written to Leatherneck.

In "Stand By For Something.
To Pop" (January issue), the
Sarge was talking about a Jap
"Nick"—not a "Francis." And
there were four Corsairs on his tail, not three.

Due to lack of ship spotting I regret to say that I do not know what ship it smashed into, although it was a merchantman.

The Log Straightener, Edward Lappie, S2c Pacific

BOOT SOUND OFF

Sirs:

I have read the February Loatherneck and thought it was very good, that is, with the exception of one little item in the Sound Off column. I am re-ferring to the letter by "A Group of Burned-Up Marines" who said some terrible things about the boys on Parris Island. The letter referred to the alleged softening up of training at PI.— Eds.) of the boot

I haven't been in the Marine Corps long, so I don't con-

sider myself a salt, but I have been on Parris Island for the past six months. I don't know how rough these boys in the Pacific were treated when they came through here, but could it have been that they were a little softer? Again, maybe it is that softer? Again, maybe it is that the boys coming through now just don't gripe about every little thing that comes along, like those boys did. Too, the DIs here on the Island consider it a great insult to their training ability. You must remember, they are also veterans of the Pacific

I will close now, hoping that I have set a few boys in the Pacific straight on how things are on Parris Island.

Pvt. Bill Hill and several other "chickens" on Parris Island Parris Island, S. C.

I'd like to get my two cents in for the benefit of all the Marines going through boot now and in recent months, as well as for those "burned-up" Marines in

the Pacific.

As they know, they went through the same thing as we are going through, or have already gone through. Did they ever stop to think that they were kids themselves once? Or did they skip the adolescent age?

We would like to be informed just what they went through at Parris Island that we never did. Anything they can take, so can we. Aside from advanced training, which a lot of us had at Lejeune, they couldn't have had it much rougher here than we had it. You can tell those guys they've been misled about the situation here. True, it has slackened up a little; we can't do anything about that though.

Most of us joined the Corps because we liked it. Are we to be ridiculed because of that?

A bunch of "Boys Ville" Marines who are "burnedup" too

Parris Island, S. C.

LOVE-AMERICAN PLAN

Sirs:

Referring to the article, "Long Live Love," in your February issue, I'd like to say that I think the British and French are so far below our American Marines and sailors in their lovemaking that such a comparison is unfair to the former.

I'm not qualified to say much, but I've heard enough com-ments about our allies to form an idea of what their technique is and I must say, give me an American Marine or sailor any

Our men might be blunt, but that's what I like. Who wants a glib, smooth-tongued, oily-mouthed Casanova when a real he-man swabbie or Gyrene is available? The Army nurse who started this discussion can have every Frenchman or Britisher she wants, so far as I'm con-cerned. But, as for me, it's gotta be the swabbies and Gyrenes with their big snow jobs and lines, that we "swabbies in skirts" love to listen to.

Many thanks for a swell mag-tine. I look forward to each month's issue.

Rosemary Lingua, Y3c Bainbridge, Md.

BUGHOUSE CANDIDATE

Sirs:

I, along with about 200 other Marines, am stationed up here in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, attending Radio Operators School. Now, don't get the im-pression that we don't like it. Dididit.

Oh, no, we think it's such fun

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

didahdidit to sit here in class all day long dahdidah with earphones on and listen to that wonderful Morse code. And the



rumor that it will drive one mad isentirely false. Dididahdit dahdidit. No one cracks up from simple stuff like this. Dahdidahdit.

The enclosed sketch depicts a suggested emblem for all men in Radio Operators School. Your printing this note and the sketch would be greatly appreciated and would help the men in letting off a little pent-up steam.

Pvt. Hank Wiesner and three others

Philadelphia, Pa.

STAFF PFC

Sirs:

Each month I eagerly await the arrival of Leatherneck and its Sound Off column. I've noticed a lot of gum-beating for length of time in service without a change of rate. Here's one for the books.

I've been in the Corps for five years, seven months, and have been a PFC since 28 February 1942. I have not been busted.

I think we hash-mark PFCs should be known as the Staff PFCs of the Corps, with special privileges to go with it.

privileges to go with it.
Incidentally, through Sound
Off, I'd like to hear from some of
the boys who were in Platoons
132 and 136, October 1940.

PFC Burdette Copp Separation & Replacement Bn. Camp Lejeune, N. C.

THE MAINE IDEA

Sirs:

Allow me to congratulate Sgt.
Lowery on his splendid photographic coverage of the Miss
America Contest.

There are a couple of Gyrenes here who are doing a lot of bragging over the fair damsel who wore the title "Miss Maine." I believe in the "credit where

I believe in the "credit where due" policy. Is it not true that Miss Virginia Trask (Miss Maine) resides in West Roxbury, Mass., and has lived there for the past eight years or more?

You may answer in Sound Off, if you wish, but please withhold the name — this babe is a prospective Stateside date, and I'd hate to foul up the deal. She may not like the idea of being exposed.

Anonymous Corporal Okinawa

• Sorry we don't know the answer to this one, but whether she's from Maineor Massachusetts, or both, New England can certainly be proud of Miss Trask.—Eds.

SORE AT THE CORPS

Sirs

Having the misfortune to be a First Sergeant in this modern Marine Corps of ours, I have come upon something new as far as regulations are concerned. At present, men with less than 20 points (reserves and inductees) are being transferred or put on transfer lists going overseas. I have never heard so many gripes and groans. Men are demanding that they be put off the lists because they are married, etc. Most of them have six months or less in the Corps; their discipline is nil; they wear their uniforms like "Sad Sacks" and resemble everything but a Marine. All they ever think of is liberty and going home to their dear wives, but of course every Marine wants this.

How many men in the armed forces, who had wives and children, have died overseas. The fate of war didn't ask if they were married or single, enlisted or commissioned.

I say, send them over — let them see the graves of the men who died trying to make this a safer place to live in. After all, isn't that what we were fighting for? Let them spend a year or two on some desolate Pacific island like Iwo, Okinawa, Saipan or Tinian, and then they will appreciate what their fallen comrades have done for them, and a lot more. They also claim that they don't make enough money to support their families, even with the allotments the Marine Corps pays them. Did the men who fought this war get any more than they are getting? They got along with what they were paid, while these people were having a glorious time in the States with their dear, dear wives.

I say again, send them over for one or two years, and then get them out of this man's outfit that is slowly and surely becoming a "Civilian Marine Corps."

1st Sgt. Thaddeus F. Kisiel Quantico, Va.

KING FISHER NAVIGATOR

Sirs:

I would like to know the whereabouts and the name of a Navy gunner or navigator who was shot down on Iwo Jima the fourth day, 150 or 200 yards in enemy territory.

renemy territory.

The pilot of the Navy float plane (King Fisher) was killed instantly, but the navigator or the gunner was rescued. I was just wondering if I could get his name and address. After we rescued him it seemed like his last name started with "F."

Ex-Sgt. Roy F. Hartman 361 S. Western Pkwy. Louisville 12, Ky.

• It's a very long shot, but publishing your letter is the only way we might find the man.

-Eds.

TO THE FIRST MARINES

(The following is an extract from a letter to Leatherneck's art director, MTSgt. George Godden, written by a friend of his in the Navy.—Eds.)

Dear George:

... It happened at Peleliu, in early October '44. Our ship, a converted Navy Liberty-type trooper, had brought in elements of the Army's 81st Division to relieve the First Marine Division in the last weary stages of the bloody Palau occupation. Well, we all know that the Marines really took it on the chin during that entire engagement—but history will take care of that.

Yet, battle-weary as they were, these Gyrenes climbed up our sides on landing nets, toting rifles and packs, as though they were about to set out on another invasion. No growls, no disorder, perfect discipline all through the embarkation procedure, right in the black of night. Our load that night was composed of about 1000 men of the Pioneer Battalion of the First Marines. They came out from the beach in an LST with all the year they had LST, with all the gear they had left after the fracas. And they had no sooner come on board than the working parties to go Marine working parties to go back to the LST to stevedore their equipment into nets, for transfer into our cargo holds. Still no growls. Back these supermen went, to work through most of the night, getting every amtrac, field gun and K ration on board.

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The ship sailed at dawn for Pavuvu, the "rest and recrea-tional" area in the Russell Is-lands. Throughout the trip, every officer and enlisted man on the ship was impressed by the obviously spontaneous teamwork, the entire absence of heroics, and the definite esprit de corps that emanated from this amazing group of First Ma-rines — who had written history at Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester and Peleliu, and who went on to do it again at Okinawa.

En route to Pavuvu, one of the First's more prolific sergeants, C. W. Roberts, wrote the following verse. I might add that what-ever was done by the ship's company to make these troops a little more comfortable stemmed from a heart-felt sincerity and nom a neart-telt sincerity and understanding of what the outfit had just gone through — and not from any orders issued by the ship's officers:

From the bloody isle of Peleliu To another sun-baked isle, A thousand Marines are under way, Traveling in style.

We were very tired of fighting And we'd had a long, hard wait, When the Army came in to relieve us On the AK 108.

Now the 108 was lying About ten miles out at sea, So we went out to go aboard her In a dirty LST.

The 108 is not a large ship, But because of coral rocks, The Skipper couldn't bring

And tie up to the docks. We went aboard the 108
Just as the sun went down; Around the deck was silence We couldn't hear a sound. Now Marines usually take a

beating From the boys in Navy blue, But this time we were welcomed

By the Skipper and his crew. And instead of giving orders They gave us sound advice; We had the run of the 108 And were treated very nice. And when we did do some-

thing wrong, Or didn't know what to do, We never once caught hell From the ship or from the

The crew seemed to realize That we'd been in a fight; They gave us cigars and candy And treated us all right. They let us use their showers And also the ship's store And seemed quite disappointed

When they couldn't do any

Just why this crew was dif-

I'm sure God only knows, But that ship did our laundry And the crewmen gave us clothes.

If we were in the wrong place,

We never got a growl.
We had cold drinking water
And plenty of good chow.
All over the ship
We were met with affection, Ane never caught hell When we had an inspection. The Skipper was lenient With his Plan of the Day. We were treated just fine All the time underway. All the time underway.
In a few more days
We will end this trip,
But we'll always remember
The crew of this ship.
When we reach our base,
Some of us will go home,
While the crew and the shi While the crew and the ship Will again start to roam. We want the crew to know That the Marines wish you well.

And may God be with you Wherever you sail. We someday will meet you Back home in the States When you get those leaves That each one of you rates. And when it is over And the Japs are defeated, We will meet in 'Frisco When our mission's com-

pleted. We will drink a toast 'Neath the bright Golden

To the crew and the Skipper Of AK 108. Here's thanking the crew For the way we were treated And for all that you gave us— Everything that we needed. So until that day When we meet in 'Frisco--The best of luck The best of luck
Wherever you go.
So keep her sailing, fellows,
Until all is serene,
And may God be there with

> A U.S. Marine. Don F. House Ex-Lieut., USNR

Chicago, Ill.

VIVA VARGA

We feel that Miss Hess is pretty much wrong in her com-ments on the Varga girl (Febru-

ary issue).

It is our belief that any girl would appreciate looking half as good as the Varga girl does. As for this imaginary girl in street clothes, we feel it wouldn't change her features a bit. She is what we believe every girl tries to look like and just can't. Our hats are off to the Varga

PFC E. Y. Gayle Corp. J. Keepers PFC R. S. George PFC L. Kellerman

Bainbridge, Md.

 And besides, who cares about street clothes -- Eds

FOURTH OR 22nd?

1 H

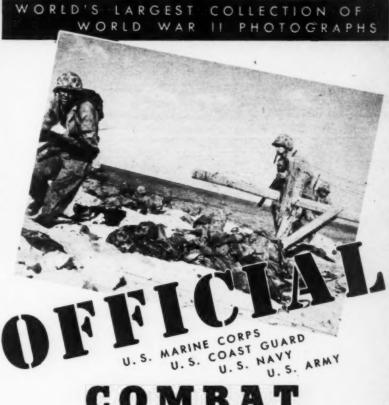
In your October 15 issue you say that the Fourth Marines crossed the Asato River and took

Naha.

If I'm not mistaken, the 22nd
Marines took Naha. The 2nd
Bn. was the assault battalion. I don't remember the Fourth Ma-rines being there at all. The first, I think, to go into Naha was the division reconnaissance com-pany, which crossed the river the night before the assault.

PFC Ralph E. Nunn PFC Robert L. Langston PFC Emmett Dalton PFC Samuel J. White Corp. William V. Hays Tsingtao, China

 Headquarters Marine Corps says: "Both the Fourth and 22nd Marines shared the honor (Continued on Page 57)



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HAVE YOU A HOME, FLAT OR APARTMENT

for Myself
my Wife

THIS HORRIBLE
MONSTER

a Dr. wer

"H" DAY on the Home Front

Signs of the times say "No Vacancies" as returning vets discover that the nation lacks ten million housing units

by PFC Bob Prosser

HEN you hit the beach on "H Day," be prepared to dig in. Because the housing problem is today's number one critical question, "H Day," or house-hunting day, begins for most veterans immediately after discharge.

A National Housing Agency pamphlet, issued in Washington, D. C., estimates that during 1946 a minimum of one million families will find it necessary to "double up" so that several families may quarter themselves in a single family unit. To bring the problem right home to the Marine dischargee, the pamphlet ominously adds that "veterans constitute one of the groups hardest hit in the current housing emergency."

Marines may not have dug their last foxholes. A federal housing official in comparatively uncrowded

Nebraska, painting a bleak picture for home seekers, told prospective home builders to begin digging basements at once. "When roofed over, houseless basements can be quite desirable dwellings," he said, cheerfully.

Signs of the times familiar to all returned veterans are the neatly written ones hanging on apartment-house doors. With few variations the signs state "no agents," "no peddlers," "no vacancies" and "no vacancies expected." Other landlords, with a unique economy of words, display a single sign which states simply "no."

Veterans who once called the lowly Quonset hut everything except "home" now find themselves petitioning Congress and their local municipal officials for the use of a few Quonsets which have been con-

An eloquent but anonymous dischargee, who apparently had filled after giving his all in a house-apartment-room bunion der by, appeared to Congress in verse, in hope of having his urgent appearance. His poem is printed in the box above.

History does not reveal whether or not this home seeker's poetic prayer was answered.

The shortage, say housing authorities, is caused by a number of factors which were the logical results of the war and its necessary consumption of labor and material.

During the depression decade which immediately preceded the war, house and apartment construction was curtailed until in 1933 and 1934 it came almost to a standstill. With the exception of critically-needed war housing construction there has been no building of any importance since 1925.

been no building of any importance since 1925.
Although still bleak, the housing picture will be brighter from now on for the returning veteran than it will be for the civilian.

Civilians have had their opportunity to become permanently located in homes and if they aren't, that's too bad. This seems to be the consensus of opinion among legislators who hold the purse strings.

Many veterans are not content to sit by and wait for someone to house them. Ten ex-servicemen in St. Paul, Minn. got tired of the familiar refrain, "be it ever so hovel, it's all we have for home." Each put \$400 into a kitty to make a \$4000 down-payment on a ten-family apartment house. Evicting the ten Under forced draft, builders may be able to create 400,000 dwelling units this year. If they can, it will be a record that will completely snow all former construction achievements. Even if this goal is attained, it will be only the first feeble step toward re-establishing a balance in housing that may require ten years. During this decade a million homes a year should be put up, according to the estimates of American housing experts.

More fortunate returning veterans will go to already-established homes and others will "double up" on their return. A third group will take up housekeeping in dwellings that promise to rival the abode of the old woman who lived in a shoe, for sheer imaginativeness.

Throughout the midwest, where grain bins are

common, a plan has been proposed by the practical, bucolic AAA to turn excess grain bins into homes. The bins, each of which measures 10½ by 12 feet, can be bought from the government for \$161 per unit. When assembled in groups of four, and equipped with plumbing and heating devices, the bins made practical, if not comfortable, homes—say the AAA home planners. The total cost of such a four-room setup is less than \$2500.

In Los Angeles, where it is commonplace to be odd, distraught homesekers have outdone the usual unique standards by setting up housekeeping in the most amazing contraptions. Offered at \$700 each, worn-out busses were snapped up by home seekers who didn't care whether their purchases had motors or

not. They were only interested in the shells. "What do I care about those extras," one buyer expostulated. "All I want is a place in which to live and I don't care if it's a bus or a captive balloon. I'll call it home if I have to go through a tunnel to

In an effort to house veterans the National Housing Agency is conducting twin campaigns. The first is a short-term movement designed to steer the veteran into temporary quarters at once. The second is a long-range program of assistance which, it is hoped, will encourage veterans to build or buy their own homes.

Attacking the short-term problem with a program of education, the Federal government has asked that

All vets, state the FHA chieftains,
Should "double up" now without fuss,
But letters from Mother
and my younger brother
Say they're planning to move in with us!

The landladies laugh at our miseries,
And the future's appallingly black,
My birthday is coming —
We're plumb out of plumbing
Won't somebody just give us a shack?

Four walls and a roof are sufficient,
Just cardboard — we don't hope for brick
I've begged and petitioned,
and my wife's heir conditioned
And we've got to be off the streets quick.

Dear Congress, I'm not a brass monkey, And I long to defrost my poor spouse, Be assured my selections for next year's elections Will be men who can find us a house!

Ah, chill were the Normandy foxholes, and bitter and dank was Attu, But far more disturbing is life on the curbing Where the cold is fast turning us blue.

The housing committees are buzzing
But though their proposals sound fine
There's no satisfaction
in words without action —
It's shelter we need, me and mine.

My wife has turned suddenly frigid,
The winter winds wrinkle her face
Her once fetching dimples
are lost in goose pimples
Can't somebody find us a place?

The building authorities holler "Priorities keep our hands tied!" And we've been unable to locate a stable Or a Chic Sale that's not occupied.

civilian families who were its war-time occupants, they signed contracts to pay off the remaining \$24,000 involved in the deal by monthly rental payments of \$35 dollars per family.

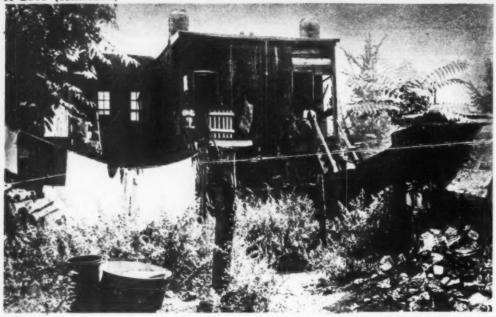
Fortunately for civilian apartment dwellers, not

Fortunately for civilian apartment-dwellers, not all housing problems may be solved by such clear-cut action, for at the bottom of the scramble for homes lies the simple fact that there are too many people

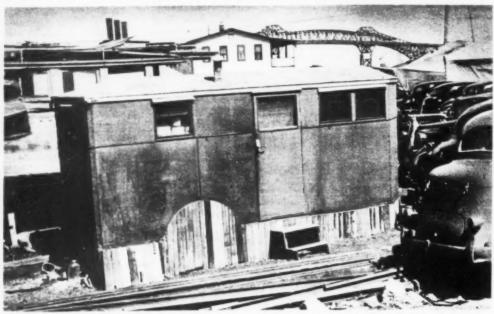
for too few homes.

While Detroit city councilmen pondered the local housing problem, Mrs. Mary Woolfenden and her five-year-old son, Karl, picketed the city hall. Astride his tricycle, the tot was a one-man picket line. His chest bore the neatly lettered appeal:

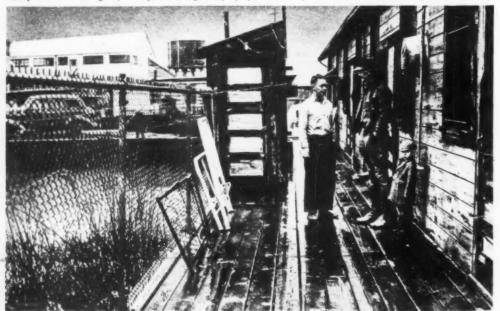
"I'm no G.I., but Gee I need a home."



Fire traps such as these are being lived in by veterans and others who are desperately in need of shelter. Though his pockets are filled with money, the renter must go begging when seeking a home



Or perhaps this makeshift dwelling is "home" to another. Rather than double up with relatives and comparative strangers, many dischargees pay penthouse prices for trailers and primitive shacks



One defense worker and his family live on a fisherman's wharf at Benecia, Calif. Crowded conditions, inadequate plumbing and dampness make living here uncomfortable. Yet veterans must have homes

individual communities set up information centers and clearing houses to introduce veteran to landlord. Recalling the hasty building of war-worker dwellings, a companion effort is being made to house the veteran and his family in the barrack-like apartments which were recently the home of "Winnie the Welder."

The old problem of logistics comes up here, for the veteran may have no desire to live in Norfolk, Va., Portland, Ore., or in another of the once-teeming war production centers. In the re-use of war housing, the buildings are now being dismantled and moved to wherever the veteran wishes to live. When the distance to be moved is short, units may be sawed into convenient chunks and trucked to their destinations. On arrival, the sections are simply butted together with bulldozers, the breaks are patched with fiber tape and Mr. and Mrs. Veteran take up house-keeping.

Husband and wife student-teams, now attending the nation's universities under the G. I. Bill of Rights, are another housing headache for educators. At the University of Missouri, 36 khaki-colored trailers made their appearance on the campus with the first G.I. students and their wives and the housing headache was partially cured. Rented from the government at a dollar a year, the trailers were the first of 165 such completely furnished emergency dwellings which the university offered to students for low monthly rental.

Student housing at Kansas University, bulging at the seams with conventional co-educational students, could offer nothing to G.I. students and their wives. A few miles away, a government-owned dormitory at the Sunflower ordnance plant stood idle. Logically, students and their wives moved into barracks and took up their studies.

UNIVERSITIES everywhere are petitioning for their share of Quonset huts and wherever these useful buildings rear their round backs, former servicemen are amazed to discover they make comfortable three and four-room homes.

One wife of a G.I. student was enthusiastic in her praise of the Quonset: "It's so small that it makes housekeeping a real snap," she said, "I figure I eliminate half a mile of walking every day, just having the kitchen so compact."

At Kingston, Rhode Island, a university announced that G.I. enrollments would be frozen. A large number of veterans were thus excluded.

"There's just no place for them to stay," university officials explained.

In many towns, air-raid wardens have once again donned their arm bands and tin hats and have toured neighborhoods in quest of available housing. All vacancies they find are turned over to veteran information centers.

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In Los Angeles, a novel organization which described itself as the Servicemen's Wives' Club, banded together for mutual assistance in home seeking. The wives of Marines, sailors and soldiers, maintain a constant telephone check upon all housing sources on the theory that eternal vigilance is the price of four walls and roof above.

All Marines who have traveled Stateside with their families know the joys and conveniences of living in a room with an adjoining towel. Landlords are enthusiastic in offering at penthouse prices the basement coal bin or the cheerful little room in which Dear Aunt Min died, to deserving veterans.

Dear Aunt Min died, to deserving veterans.
"There is always plenty of hot water," they acclaim warmly, neglecting to mention that they mean "plenty of hot water with which to wash your teeth"

Once snugly installed at "Akimbo Arms — San Diego's Finest," the real tug of war commences with the Marine and his spouse swatting on several fronts at once. Natural enemies of war emergency tenants seem to include landlords, landlord's children, fellow tenants and fellow tenant's children and the elements that crawl and leap.

But help is on the way. A system of veteranfavoring priorities, which is described by one housing official as "the best news since the end of the war," has been established. Under it, 50 per cent of all available building material is to be channeled into homes to be built, bought or occupied by veterans. The framework within which the bill is constructed is streamlined to aid and protect the veteran, rather than confuse him.

In recognition of the acute shortage President Truman has appointed Wilson W. Wyatt, National Housing Administrator. Operating through the National Housing Agency, Wyatt will have the support of all other national agencies according to a Truman

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San Diego, Calif., express poignantly their need for more than the.

fortunate in that they are sole occupants of the tourist cabin

directive. Assisting Wyatt are three lesser agencies:

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The Federal Housing Administration, with Raymond M. Foley as its commissioner, encourages private ownership by financing homes veterans want to buy. Spokesmen explain that while it is the agency's aim to assist veterans in buying homes, it also attempts to protect the veteran by refusing to become a party to a deal in which he would purchase a poorly-constructed or run-down house at an in-

flated price.

The Federal Home Loan Bank Administration, with John H. Fahey as commissioner, provides a national credit foundation for home financing and

insures the savings of investors up to \$5000.

The Federal Public Housing Authority, with Philip M. Klutznick as its commissioner, is charged with converting war-financed housing projects to veteran use.

Under the veteran's priority plan, private builders may submit specifications for proposed home construction together with their proposed price. A ceiling of \$10,000 for single-unit dwellings, or \$17,000 for duplex-type buildings, has been placed, but housing officials stress they want the great bulk of the construction to be offered in the five and sixthousand-dollar classes.

If there is no more than a normal builder's profit between the cost price and the builder's sale price, the materials will be made available and construction must begin within a specified period. When the building is completed, it must be offered to a veteran who may either buy or rent. Of course, customary OPA rent ceilings will prevail when the veteran occupies one of these homes on a rental basis.

When bureaucrats advocate and veterans sweat out the housing shortage, there are a few who don mantles of serenity and walk among the home seekers predicting that soon, perhaps very soon, the A homeless ex-Marine, Corporal David Mizrahi, pitched a tent in Los Angeles and gained publicity and an apartment



H-DAY (continued)

market will be flooded with super-streamlined, air conditioned, germ proofed, prefabricated homes. Into these homes, advertising agency prophets predict, the postman will deliver dehydrated furniture that will include complete instructions.

Advocates of prefabrication are sure this prophecy is sound because of a few flat statements from rotund Henry Kaiser, the Liberty ship king. Said

Henry:

"For two and one half years I have talked about a four-point program for full employment — homes, health, highways and transportation."

Hinting that the four point program will require the services of 30,000,000 persons, Kaiser said that by applying the principles of ship building to home production he will soon be able to flood the market with a variety of homes, each of which would be as sturdy and as sleek as the latest model automobile.

While the slick magazines picture chromium homes, with television in the children's play room, ex-Seabee Lawrence Starr, his wife Ethel and their two and one half year-old son, Richard are none too comfortable in a chicken coop at El Centro, California. The chickens have been evicted from the coop, but the adjoining one is still filled with feathered neighbors who don't give a cluck about plumbing problems.



Dismantling a semi-permanent war dwelling, this worker is preparing the building for shipment



Trucked to new sites, these dismantled homes will soon house families of returned veterans



These war worker dwellings are being moved via river barge from an abandoned project to a city where they are urgently needed by veterans. Re-use of war worker houses is an emergency measure



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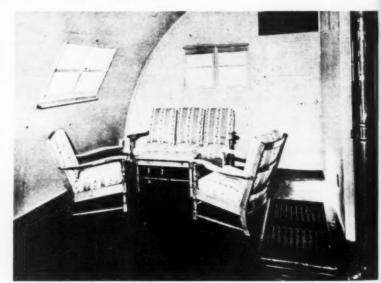
for

Life can be beautiful. This trim Miss (or Mrs.) gets ready to retire in a converted barracks

Emergency dwellings which once housed "Winnie the Welder" are being taken over by the vets. Still, dischargees must "double up"



Dreaming of a house you can call home? These government-operated homes at Jacksonville, Fla., combine beauty, utility and low rental



Even a Quanset hut can be attractive to the homeless. Here one of the converted, hump-backed huts is being furnished for one young couple



Bertram dons his smock to point out a defect in the buffing work being done on a new pipe



Bertram, who served the great and near-great for years, now teaches veterans the secrets of his art

THERE is probably no one in these United States who has not seen drawings and movie shots of the jaunty Roosevelt cigaret and cigaret holder, with or without the smile, which is to say there probably is no one in the country who has not seen the work of Sidney Bertram. For Sidney Bertram is the maker of holders the late President used.

Bertram has been around the pipe and tobacco business since he was a child. The knowledge of mending and tending pipes he inherited from his father, the creator of the Roosevelt cigaret holder, who, in turn, had been deeded the business by his father. The parents of the present Bertram were determined that he should learn the pipe business even before he completed his formal education. So Bertram obediently learned the trade thoroughly, then struck out on a career of his own as a lawyer. He studied law at the University of Maryland and at the National University Law School. Then he went to work.

But that was only for a few years for it had always been his father's fondest wish that Sidney succeed him in the business. When the elder Bertram died, the son relented, abandoned his law practice and stepped back into the making of pipes.

About a year and a half ago Bertram decided to employ ex-GIs, sailors and Marines who had been disabled while in service. This was no flag-waving move on his part. He reasoned that men in the

Mrs.

rracks

of the

couple

services had gained a certain competence and feeling of responsibility which would come in handy in a business such as his. His plan was to teach them the pipe-making trade from start to finish.

When new men come to Bertram they are treated not as employees or assistants, but as co-managers. Each takes an active interest in the business and its expansion. All are anxious to please the customers, and give the best possible service.

An extensive course of training in the making and repairing of pipes is provided. Bertram is not satisfied until each of his "co-managers" knows every phase of the industry, from the handling of machinery to waiting on customers.

First step in the training is to conquer the technicalities of running complicated machinery. Since most candidates have handled machinery of some sort in service, the manufacturing phase of the work is not too difficult.

Next the student is instructed in the repairing of pipes, an art in itself. Expensive pipes have to be handled with extreme care, since it is not always easy to replace them. Manufacturers change their designs from time to time. Bertram's course covers every detail so that nothing but precision workers will come off his assembly line.

The third phase of training is in the sales department. Each trainee must try his hand at selling the shop's wares, and gaining ease in talking to

customers. Bertram says this is one of the most important functions of his experts-in-embryo.

2015

The pipe industry, like the construction of glass eyes and certain other arts brought here from Europe, has been retained pretty much as a family secret by the few heirs of the process. The Bertram plan is the first known instance where a pipe craftsman has opened his art to outsiders.

craftsman has opened his art to outsiders.

The Bertram helping hand does not stop with the training of veterans. This philanthropic modernits is making plans to set up many of his trainees in their own separate businesses when they have proved their mettle with the factory and shop.

When his new plant is completed Bertram will have the largest pipe factory in the world. The little basement shop he inherited has grown up so that Grandfather Bertram, who came from Leipzig, Germany, 72 years ago, would scarcely be expected to recognize or understand its advance.

to recognize or understand its advance.

The Bertram pipe store is the frequent calling place of many a world-famous personage. If you stick around you will brush elbows with people like General MacArthur; Eddie Rickenbacker; Red Skelton, the comedian; Wayne King, the orchestra leader; and Edward G. Robinson. General Wainwright has bought his pipes there for years. Recently, when he returned to Washington from his POW confinement one of his first stops was Bertram's, where he ordered eight of the shop's best. Which is to say the world's best.



The proper way of buffing a pipe, one of the last steps in readying it for sale, is being shown here to Edward Dugan with Bertram as tutor



Albert Caneva, former Bo'sun's Mate Second Class in the Seabees, uses a "phrasing" machine to cut the bowl of the pipe from a wooden block

SHOOTING DAINS INAWA



or—"Gunther's Stomach-Ache Moves Him into Some Thrilling Adventures among the Naval Medics in the Pacific"

> " SGY. HENRY FELSEN Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

* by Gunther Gherkin

HE other day while I was at breakfast the Japs dropped a small bomb into my bowl of grits and gruel. This upset me, since it was the last of the food, and later in the day I developed a minor ache in my stomach, owing to my vexation over the incident, no doubt. So I strolled over to sick bay to get a few of those all-purpose powders with which the medical men heal our ills

As I walked into the tent where health was dis-pensed, a corpsman looked up from a medical text-book entitled "The Case of the Cleavered Clavicle."

- de you want?" he inquired in a "What the tone which must have been professional because no amateur could swear like that.

"I take it you are a son of Hippocrates," I said

pleasantly.
"And I take it you're a son of . . . What's wrong with you?"

"I am in pain," I said, and groaned.
"You ain't bleeding," he said.
"My hurt is internal," I whispered.

He got to his feet.
"Oh, a wise guy," he sneered. "Other people can come in here with their heads busted open, so the doc can see what's wrong. But that ain't good enough for you. You got to have one of them hidden ailments, making him go to the trouble of slicing you open to see what's wrong. You're the kind that's not happy unless you're making extra work for

"All I want," I said, "is a few APC pills to settle

the hash I had for lunch.

"I'll settle your hash," he said. "You're going to the hospital. You probably need a half a dozen operations, and even if you don't, things are slow now, and the docs need a little practice. Go down below until we cart you away.

I went down into sick bay basement, where the victims are kept refrigerated. It was a dank, dark cave, lined with sagging timbers. At first I thought I had walked into an abandoned mine by mistake, but when my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I saw a line of cots. I had been told to take the fourth one down.

As I approached the cot I saw it was already occupied. A huge rat, about the size of a calf, dressed in pale-blue pajamas, was lying propped up on the pillow reading.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I believe this is my pallet.

He took off his glasses and stared at me. "Says who?" he asked belligerently.
"The corpsman . . . " I began.

"Who's running this place, the corpsman or me?" the rat demanded angrily.

"You, sir," I gasped when he stopped twisting my arm. I retired to a corner and lay down on the deck.

NEXT morning I was awakened by a gentle kick in the ribs.

"Giddap," the corpsman said. "You're going to the hospital for treatment.'

"All right," I said, "but I don't think I can stand much more

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Outside there was a jeep. I piled my gear into it a seabag, mattress roll, gas mask, helmet, laundry bag filled with lemon drops, several boxes of ammunition, and so on. Just my personal gear, obviously, since I wasn't able to take any heavy stuff with me.

When my gear was stowed, a corpsman got behind the wheel, a buddy of his with a camera got in beside him and two more buddies with picnic lunches climbed in back. I tried to get in too, but they pushed me away roughly.

"There's no room for you," they said, and with a grinding of gears they took off for the hospital.

Fortunately the roads of Okinawa are like those which lead to hell, in that both are paved only with good intentions. By running at top speed I was able to keep the jeep in sight and when they pulled up at the hospital some ten miles away, I was only a few feet behind.

As I came panting to the jeep, they ordered me to unload my gear, which I did quickly, since they were already driving away.

"Thanks for the ride over, fellows!" I called after them.

I went into the OD's office and asked could I please have some pills to cure my stomach-ache so I could go back to duty. He pulled out a sheaf of 40 pages of paper, closely written.

"With these symptoms we should give you a pill?" he said. "Certainly not. You are going to get real hospital care. Now pick up your gear and go to



Ward Z. That's eight miles across the mud flats and two over the mountains.

Outside, some fellows helped me with my baggage the way an Okinawan husband helps his wife carry her burdens — they picked up all my boxes and bags and loaded them on my head. Then, after a cheery farewell, they helped me get started with a kindly

jab from a hypodermic needle.

After several hours of hiking through waist-deep mud and fighting off several attacks by Nip snipers, mud and highting off several attacks by Nip snipers, I arrived at my ward. I pushed the door open and fell across the threshold. The corpsman ran to my side and pushed me out again with a broom.

"You're muddy," he scolded.

After I had bathed, shaved and changed into summer dress blues, he let me in.

"I'd like a pill for my stomach-ache," I said.
"Then I'll be on my way."

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The corpsman insisted that I be examined before anything was done. He enlisted the aid of a brawny doctor who was in consultation with some others about what to do with a patient. In the end they tossed a coin. Heads to cut, tails to saw, and stand on end, to chop with an axe. The coin rolled under a loose board and was lost, but the patient was saved.

The doctor took up a pick handle and jabbed the end of it into my solar plexus. I winced a little. "Tender, eh?" he said. "Hmmmmm."

Next he swung the club and hit me alongside the ear.

"That hurt?"

"No," I said. "But you got my nice clean head

all muddy by making it roll under the bed."
With a swift motion he slit me open with a long

"Just as I thought," he said. "You need surgical attention.

"What for?" I quavered.
"What for?" he roared. "Why, man, you're seriously injured. You've been cut open from stem to stern. Quick, corpsman, the stomach pump!"

THE corpsman ran up with a hose which they forced down my throat. They pressed a lever and a great gush of liquid came pouring out of all

my seams.
"Zounds, thou varlet!" the doctor yelled. "You've given me the gasoline pump by mistake.'
He figured quickly.

"Five gallons at 20 cents a gallondollar you owe the government, Gherkin. I'll collect it now. Thank you. Now, corpsman, have this man flown to Guam at once."

I was rushed to the airstrip where a huge plane waited. They lifted the cowling of one of the engines. Inside I saw a seat and an arrangement like bicycle

"You sit there," the pilot said, "and when I give you the word, start pedalling." I did, and as I pedalled, the propeller started

"Faster" the pilot screamed over the inter-com. "We have to rush you to Guam with all possible speed."

I pedalled as fast as I could, the plane moved, and soon we accomplished a JATO (Jerk Assisted Take-Off). In several hours we reached Guam, and when we landed I was given a cool glass of 100 octane fuel to refresh me.

I wandered from door to door for three days and when I finally reached a hospital I was really sick. I remember going in one and falling to the floor. A doctor picked me up.

"What's the matter, son?"

"I have a pain in my stomach," I gasped. I wasn't going to ask for a pill this time. I gave him the whole

"I'm in awful pain, I'm sick in the mornings, I can't hold my food down, my legs hurt, my head

Quick as a flash I was placed on an operating table and rushed to a far room. As we sped through the door I saw the lettering on the door DELIVERY ROOM. I tried to sit up. A nurse pushed me back.

"You'll be all right, madame," she said.
"But I'm a man!" I shouted.

The nurse laughed and laughed and laughed.
"I can't have a baby!" I howled. "It's biologically

against regulations!" They silenced me with a ham-

Well, the next day they came around and gave me some of those APC tablets I tried to get in the first place. Now I am well again, and free to go back on duty. Only one thing worries me — it's going to be very difficult to go on patrols unless I can find someone to watch my baby while I'm gone.

PACIFIC DREAM

In SEPTEMBER of 1945, a huge white hospital ship nosed its way into San Francisco's Golden Gate harbor. The rails of the ship were jammed with passengers, all of them battle casualties of the Pacific war. The amputees clung to the nearest support and the blind looked straight ahead. They were all staring past the famous bridge at the sight of America, the ramparts and hills of home. All of them were nervous and some of them were crying, for they had not seen their native land in several years. One of the men, sitting stiffly in a wheel chair, batted back the tears and cleared his throat.

"Are the natives friendly here?" he asked.

Agreat shout went up at that. It broke the tension that had been gripping the watching men. Excitedly, they began to talk about the things they were going to do. Where they were going to eat and drink. The perfect liberty they were going to make. So it was tremendously important to them whether or not the natives were friendly.

Tommy Thompson and Jim Cavin, both sergeants in the Fourth Marines, were on that ship, and they watched the approaching shore line with grim in-

terest. It had been five years and five months since they had seen that land last, and during their 65 months overseas they had both been prisoners of war. Thompson, a handsome kid from Mississippi, had been imprisoned in Manchuria and had been liberated by the Russians. Cavin, a husky character from the bayou country of Louisiana, had been held in Japan. Both had seen Shanghai duty and both had been machine-gunners in the defense of Corregidor. It was on the Rock, with Wainwright, that they were captured.

These two boys had contributed a considerable chunk of their youth to the Pacific war. They left the States in March of 1940. Thompson was in the Platoon No. 7, San Diego, that year, and Cavin was in Platoon No. 9. Neither got liberty from

the time they entered the Corps until they found themselves at Corregidor.

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Sgts.

After they were captured, they worked for the Nips and grew sick on the sorry rations. Grew even sicker longing for home. Lying at night, hungry, in many different prisons, they thought of all the things that spelled America. Thought of the shapely American gals in their summer dresses, thought of strolling into the corner bar and ordering a shot. They thought of the small, important things, like being able to go anywhere and buy a package, or a carton, of cigarets. Or of getting in a car and driving around town, just for the hell of it. Just because they were free men, and could do it. Through an almost unbearably long time in strange places, those were the Pacific dreams of these two Marine sergeants.



by Sgt. James Atlee Phillips
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

PHOTOS BY SGT. BOB SANDBERG Leatherneck Staff Photographer



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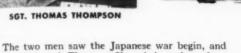
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pretty girl - all on Leatherneck's check



After years in Jap prison camps, the two Marine sergeants returned to the States to pitch a swell liberty with a





they saw it end. The news filtered through to them while they were toughing out the prison years that the Marine Corps was surging up through the Pacific islands like a flaming sword.

Once, in Cabanatuan No. 1, in the Philippines, Cavin had a Texas buddy in his work detail whose feet were so badly swollen that his shoes burst apart at the seams. But he would not limp. Cavin saw the same man struck 29 times with a pick handle before he passed out. Then, when he regained consciousness, the Marine came to attention and walked away under his own power. That shows the reason the Japanese never had a chance to win against us.
When their long wait was finally over, Thompson

and Cavin were sent to Oakland Naval Hospital.

They were given liberty from the hospital after they had been there a few weeks, but they didn't know anybody in California. The Leatherneck heard about them, promptly rented the biggest car in Oakland (a seven-passenger Packard) and got the prettiest girl in town to squire them around.

The girl was Jean Nielson, and she may easily be

the prettiest girl in the world. Look at the pictures on these pages and decide for yourself. She took Thompson and Cavin all over town. The trio walked on the causeway, went swinging in the park, had a boat ride, and ducked into a few of the better deadfalls. When they got hungry they ate a whopping big dinner at exclusive Lamerio's. Then they drove around some more. The big Packard had a driver, and the two sergeants lolled on the back seat with the gorgeous Jean between them. When they wanted to turn a certain way, they just told the driver and

he turned that way. Just for the hell of it.

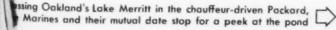
To top the evening off, they went dancing in the swank Cascade Room of the Lake Merritt Hotel. At midnight, Jean kissed them both soundly, and they went back to the hospital grinning and whistling. They were beginning to suspect that the natives were friendly, after all. The Leatherneck picked up the checks for this luxury liberty, and that way got a chance to show you two Marines re-discovering their country.



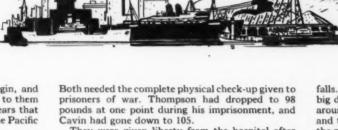
Sgts. Cavin and Thompson, just returned Stateside, are seen in hotel room getting the word on Leatherneck's dream tour



The sergeants meet pretty Jean Nielson, their guide on a tour of Oakland's best liberty spots. That's a Packard Jean's parked in

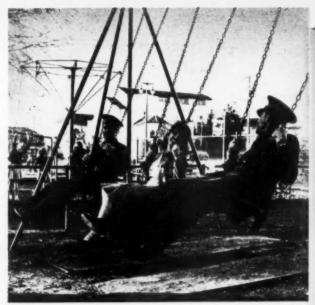








While walking in the park that day, Jean and her escorts took a flyer on the playground slide. Jim and Tom raced to be first down to watch Jean's descent



The playground swings got a play too. Tom came near being a casualty on *Leatherneck's* liberty junket — he soared too high



Jean and her escorts boarded the good ship Sonoma for a cruise around the lake. All agreed it was a pleasant voyage

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Relaxing in the California sunshine is a far cry from the horrors of the Jap prison camps they knew so well. Jean sits on Tom's blouse



As the day wanes, the two sergeants and their date walk down to the bay to watch the sun set. Later they adjourned to a bar for a round of drinks



Here the boys show Jean one of their treasured possessions — letter signed by President Truman

eing a o high

for a

bay

drinks



Their next stop was a hotel bar where the two Marines gallantly drank a toast to Miss Nielson



Tom and Jim remember the rice of Jap prison camps so they pass up this Chinese restaurant



They had double sirloins and all the trimmings at Lamario's restaurant. The manager, C. E. Larron, insisted the bill of \$27.80 be on the house



It's stuff like this that Pacific dreams are made of. Tom takes Jean for a twirl and shakes some of the rust from his dancing technique



The dream liberty is almost over. Jean kisses Tom and Jim good night and they pile into the big black Packard for the return trip to the hospital



The Leatherneck-sponsored dream is over. Jim and Tom are back at Oak Knoll Hospital ready to turn in. They are discussing the day's liberty

YOU'RE Saper think than you think

By Pfc Rodney D. Voigt

Microphotographs from Naval Medical School,
National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland

THE coach was hot and stifling. Bored, the serviceman, who knew a little more about the much-feared tropical infections than the civilians seated around him, decided to have some fun. He waited until the train got moving. Then, pretending to be warm, he rolled up his sleeves, revealing huge red blotches that covered his arms.

There was an immediate effect. The man sitting next to him mumbled some-

next to him mumbled something hurriedly, got up and moved off through the crowded car. No one took his seat. Instead, another man got up, murmuring about his need for a drink of water. In a minute the veteran had not one seat, but four.

This story explains the general attitude, among servicemen as well as civilians, on the matter of tropical diseases. Throughout the war fearful rumors spread over the Pacific about the horrors of leprosy, the disfigurements of mu-mu, the dangers of malaria's spread in the United States. One chilling yarn had it that Marines who contracted leprosy on whatchacallit island have been listed as missing in action so their people will not be burdened with the tragedy.

It is not possible to trace just where this story started. Probably it's just one of those things that spring up in a hundred places. It's similar to the rumor that circulated after the first world war about horribly mutilated men shut away from the sight of the world.

The story is entirely apocryphal. There is simply nothing to it. Rear Admiral W. M. Craig, chief of surgery at the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md., has just completed a 22,000-mile tour of Pacific leper colonies.

"I haven't encountered a single case of an Amercan serviceman contracting the disease," he re-

A check with the statistics department of the Navy bureau of medicine and surgery cinched it. There have been no leprosy cases.

While there is some difference of opinion among medical men on various aspects of the disease, most are agreed that leprosy is extremely hard to get and requires long and continued exposure.

Experiments conducted at Bilibid prison with prisoner volunteers tend to support this view. Medical researchers deliberately tried to infect the subjects, even grafting leprous tissues to the tissues of healthy volunteers. None of the subjects contracted the disease.

Furthermore, it is now known that many of the cases described in the Bible and other ancient documents were not leprosy at all. Syphilis, skin infections and filth diseases were lumped together and called "leprosy" in ancient times.

The scuttlebutt about filariasis — "mu-mu" to the GI — was even more prevalent because so many were infected. The fears of the victims were not allayed in any way by the sight of what the disease did to natives.

Prior to the war Americans derived their ideas



of tropical diseases from vague descriptions given by travelers and missionaries, and from the horrendous illustrations of medical books. When a Marine developed filariasis he remembered the pictures he had seen of Africans who had testicles so badly swollen they looked like nail kegs, or of Pacific islanders who stumbled around on legs the size of telephone poles. Perhaps he had seen gooks where he was stationed whose condition approached the pictures in the text books.

At least 10,000 Marines in the Samoan and nearby Pacific island groups became infected, and most of them were seized with fears of sterility, impotence and permanent deformity. What they didn't know, and wouldn't believe when the doctors tried to tell them, was that elephantiasis, which is the late stage of filariasis, is the result of continual infection and re-infection over long periods of time.

There is no drug or prescribed therapy for mu-mu.

Time is the healing agent. The disease is caused by a tiny worm, carried from person to person by a mosquito. Doctors simply remove the victim from danger of re-infection and wait for the worm to disappear from the blood stream.

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The first reaction of the GI victim is one of disgust and horror, and, as one Navy medical officer put it, "Some of them became downright neurotic because of their anxiety." It is this anxiety that retarded cures. There have been cases of men being retained for treatment after the disease had completely disappeared, because they refused to believe themselves cured and continued to complain of symptoms which had become purely imaginary.

A major part of the credit for disabusing the minds of victims of such fears goes to Capt. Lowell T. Coggeshall (MC), USNR, a noted tropical disease expert, who is senior medical efficer of the U.S. Marine Barracks at Klamath Falls, Ore. He met rumors of impotence and sterility head on — by letting the men prove to themselves that their fears were completely groundless. He encouraged wives of patients to live near the camp. He reports the birth rate has been above average.

For restoring health and confidence to Marine veterans under his care, Capt. Coggeshall has been awarded the 1945 Gorgas medal.

There have been no cases of deathsamong Marines traceable to filariasis. There has not been a single man permanently incapacitated. Filariasis does not cause sterility or impotence. Only one Marine has any deformity and his — a slight thickening of the testicles — is so minor it is not noticeable. Most of the victims have already been discharged from the hospitals and rest camps and all may now be regarded as cured.

The greatest menace to our servicemen in the Pacific has been malaria. American troop cases have been estimated as high as half a million. The disease has long been one of the greatest scourges of mankind. It attacks an estimated 300 million persons a year and kills three million throughout the world. Yet Marine fatalities have been extremely light, running far behind the civilian death rate.

Malaria is a persistent disease, and as many a Marine knows, attacks will re-occur. This has given rise to many unfounded rumors. Most victims believe their subsequent attacks are brought on by extreme fatigue, catching cold, going on a bender or lowering resistance in some similar manner. Navy researchers have conducted exhaustive tests with afflicted veterans. Their verdict: "Nothing to justify such beliefs."

Malaria and filariasis—once the dreaded plagues of Marines in the Pacific—have been curbed, Navy doctors report

In this connection, one of the top medical secrets of the war has just been revealed. Many Pacific veterans who thought they were suffering "jungle rot" were actually experiencing a condition brought on by the malarial suppressant, at brine. Research undertaken many months ago at the Naval Medical Center verified this. But the discovery was labeled "top secret." The Navy knew that if the findings

were announced, men would stop taking their ata-brine. "Jungle rot" is unpleasant, but it seldom takes men out of action. Malaria does.

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There are other rumors medical authorities are anxious to quiet. One of these is that returning vet-erans will spread tropical diseases in the United States. It is true this has been widely discussed by the medical profession, and earlier in the war the question captured the imagination of the entire country. A wave of speculative newspaper and magazine articles resulted. Doctors almost unanimously discount this possibility. Their views range all the way from the flat statement by a Navy tropical disease expert at Bethesda that "The chances are nil," to the cautiously worded comment by Brigadier General James S. Simmons that, "Undoubtedly such diseases will be introduced from abroad, but on the whole I believe that the future dangers have been overemphasized."

There are many factors behind this confidence that returning veterans will not pose a public health problem. One is that many of the notorious scourges of the Pacific and the Orient either failed to occur or their incidence has been extremely low. Another is that the majority of veterans afflicted have been cured before their return to civilian life. Some few, especially among those afflicted with in-testinal parasites, will escape medical observation and be discharged without cure, but their numbers are so slight that they do not constitute a menace.

Most of the diseases our troops have encountered have been spread by insects. In some cases there is no known insect vector in this country capable of spreading the particular disease. If there were, the insect would have to bite one of the very few diseased persons to pick up the germ before it could be spread to anyone else. Furthermore, in the cases of diseases like filariasis, the insect carrier would have to pick up both male and female organisms from the infected person and inject both into the next per-

son in order to spread the disease any further. And then the male and female organisms would have to find each other in the blood stream of the second person bitten and reproduce enough new parasites to make the chance of further spread of the disease possible. The odds are overwhelmingly against it, the medics say.

Doctors are playing it safe though. The search for new drugs and new methods of treatment goes untiringly on. Seminars are being held in major cities, where tropical dis-ease experts, usually Army or Navy men, acquaint local physicians with the latest findings.

Much effort is being directed toward preventing the intro-duction of new vectors (animals, usually insects, which are capable of carrying

disease-causing micro-organisms) into this country.

The speed of travel by aircraft has increased the chance of introducing disease vectors, as has the increasing volume of travel. Consequently, inspection stations have been set up throughout the Pacific area, and airships, particularly hospital ships carrying casualties, are disinfected at points of de-

parture and at intermediate

stops.

But, to explore all possibilities, suppose some of these socalled tropical diseases did get in. Could they be controlled? The diseases encountered most in the Pacific areas are actually not such strangers to the United States. We have had malaria here, and yellow fever. We've had leprosy and plague. We have had numerous cases of filariasis in and around Charleston, South Carolina. And we have our own deadly little version of typhus-Rocky Mountain spotted fever. They have all been controlled or suppressed.

Another fear, early in the war, which proved groundless, was that fighting men in the jungles would encounter strange new fungus forms, some of which would be malignant.

It was even speculated that certain fungi, like certain disease germs, would be long in showing their effects. In other words, that Marines infected would not show their malady for years after they had been discharged and returned to civilian life. There has been no indication of any such danger.

Marines did encounter fungi aplenty, but they were of a comparatively mild type relat-ed to those we know as causing athlete's foot and ringworm. In fact, fungus growths caused more damage to equipment than to men by attacking leather and cloth, ruining cameras, microscopes and binoculars.

Some forms of "jungle rot" were fungus growths. "Jungle rot," like "New Guinea crud" and "the creeping crud," is just a GI name for a tropical skin disease. Doctors used the term "jungle rot" to describe such ailments, too, because they frequently were not sure of their diagnosis. Causes of such afflictions were hard to identify.

However, Lieutenant Commander Robert R. M. Mc-Laughlin, a Navy doctor writing in the Navy Medical Bulletin, lists the fol-

lowing as some types of skin malady coming under the label of "rot":

Aggravated athlete's foot.
Fungus infections of the trunk, thighs, face and scalp. These might be red, white, or various shades of brown.

3 — A rash like poison ivy from such tropical trees

as the papaya. This usually lasts about two weeks.

4 — Impetigo and scabies, not as common as the fungus infections, but very itching and catching.

To these, a fifth common form may be added — the breaking out attributed to sensitivity to atabrine.

When patients returned to the States and came in contact with civilians, doctors had another psy-chological problem — "jungle rot shyness." Civil-ians feared the condition and were afraid of contact with the veteran because of the supposed danger of catching it. The infected veteran, sensing this, develops "shyness." He doesn't want to be seen, even by his family.

At Moore General hospital, near Asheville, North Carolina, the problem was attacked in this way. Hospital authorities called the townsfolk together, explained away their natural fears and briefed them on how to act around servicemen under treatment.

Meanwhile social service workers persuaded the men not to be ashamed of their condition and got them to go into town frequently on liberty. When the veterans did go in to a show or dance and no one seemed at all concerned about their condition, they soon got over the "shyness" and were willing to see their families and friends.

There are other diseases that beset American troops in Pacific areas. There are the dysenteries, second only to malaria as a menace from a military point of view. There is the Japanese or scrub typhus, which didn't infect many Marines but hit the Army hard in some areas. There are dengue, yaws and plague. Marines experienced no cases of yellow fever, the great killer of the Spanish American war, or of

While not many troops were affected by bush typhus, the high mortality rate — 3 to 10 per cent — caused concern. This disease is spread by a tiny larval mite. The first case among American troops was reported on New Guinea in December, 1943. Within a few weeks 230 men were afflicted and 22 had died. Many others, who recovered, had per-



manent heart injuries. A similar outbreak in Burma caused even more deaths.

Dengue fever, while not fatal and of short duration, is an extremely disagreeable disease. Its mili-tary significance lay in the fact that it spreads fast and is capable of incapacitating many troops.

Yaws is a malady causing ugly sores and painful swelling of the joints. It has not been very widespread among Marines and is easily arrested by a treatment similar to that for syphilis.

When the United States entered the war and committed itself to wide-scale tropical campaigns, disease was considered a greater danger than the Japanese.

And it was. Malaria, dengue fever and dysentery caused more casualties at first than enemy gunfire.

On Guadalcanal disease is supposed to have laid out ten men for every one wounded by Japs. With too few experts on tropical disease and meager knowledge of what dangers lurked in the Pacific areas, the country was as ill-prepared for the war against fungus and the microbe as against the Japanese.

Medicine, as always in war, took giant strides. The fighters in the field are retiring now, their task almost done. But the fighters in the laboratories will go on, incredibly patient, seeking out new drugs, isolating causes of disease.

Their victories made our victories possible; and their victories make it possible for our veterans to return home assured they will be all right, that whatever the diseases they suffered represent no danger to their families or to the public health, and that they will live normal, healthy lives.



19

SILVERSIDES the Giant-Killer

by Corp. Bill Farrell

THE Hawaiian girl, when she saw the big American sailor, turned several shades nearer

"Kelly, you're dead," she cried out.
Robert G. (Red) Kelly, Chief Electrician, USN,

smiled comfortably.
"No," he said. "No, ma'am. I'm not dead."

As a member of the crew of the USS Silversides, one of the most successful of our Navy's surpassingly effective submarines, Red Kelly was used to being greeted as a ghost. There had been a time when Tokyo Rose was sinking the Silversides almost daily. This amused the submariners in the Silversides, who were among Rose's earliest fans. But they couldn't help being impressed when they heard memorial services had been held for them in San Diego and Honolulu.

he false word of Silversides' loss came while she was on the fourth of her 14 war patrols. On that trip, members of the boat's crew sank a 10,000-ton Jap tanker and damaged an enemy submarine and two supply ships. The patrol was distinguished by

several other incidents, too.

George Platter, Fireman Third Class, became deathly ill. T. A. Moore, Pharmacist's Mate First Class, looked him over, decided he had appendicitis. Commander Creed C. Burlingame, then skipper of the sub, passed on to Platter the corpsman's opinion that an immediate operation would be necessary. Platter consented and Comdr. Burlingame took the sub down deep enough to avoid possible attack, and to get the steady keel needed for the operation.

Having read everything he could find about operations in general and appendectomies in particular, Moore got busy. He used a spinal anesthetic that left Platter insensible to the work being done on his interior. Methodically, Moore cut away. After two hours he was still busy. Comdr. Burlingame looked in, saw him placidly separating the inflamed appendix from Platter's intestines and noticed that the intestines were inclined to pop out. The skipper went away.

The spinal anesthetic began to wear off and Platter announced that he was coming to life — he could wiggle his toes. Moore took a can of ether, followed the directions on the label and put Platter back to sleep. The ether fumes made everybody present a little drowsy, but the operation proceeded. It took four hours, but it was successful. Platter has moved on to other assignments, but the Silversides

still has his appendix, pickled.

The patient's convalescence was sensational. The day after his operation Platter lay in his bunk most of the time the Silversides was undergoing attacks by Japanese destroyers and a submarine, while depth charges went off uncomfortably close, and while the Silversides made two crash dives. He wasn't knocked out of bed until enemy airplanes attacked.

This fourth patrol was notable, also, because a torpedo stuck in one of the Silversides' tubes When this happens, a sub must go nosing around with a costly, deadly piece of high explosive protruding very dangerously, until the jammed torpedo can be forced away under high air pressure. That's all there is to it — you shove the torpedo out hard and back away from it as fast as you can. You also pray that the tin fish won't go off and ruin your

With all the trouble the Silversides had early on that fourth patrol, it was not surprising that a sister sub one day reported seeing her make a fast dive just ahead of an enemy warship. It looked as if she had gone down for good. It was not overly-pessimistic of the authorities to construe this report as meaning the end of the boat. And since, in those days of December 1942 and early 1943, American subs were not sending many radio messages, there was nothing to contradict the story of Silversides' end

Actually, though, the boat went through almost

the entire war with the loss of just one man. Her keel was laid November 4, 1940, at Mare Island and she was hurriedly commissioned, under auspicious auguries, on December 15, 1941 — eight days after Pearl Harbor. It was a gloomy, rainy day, but just as the Silversides was placed in commission the sun broke through the clouds. Seamy-faced old sea dogs saw this good omen with tears in their eyes

On April 30, 1942, the Silversides left Pearl Harbor on her first war assignment, a 52-day run through the Kui Suido area. This brought her a bag of one submarine, a trawler, two supply ships and a Jap naval auxiliary. She sank Jap shipping aggregating nearly 17 times her own displacement (1525 tons) and damaged a 10,000-ton tanker. It was on this voyage she suffered her one fatality

Silversides first tasted blood by sinking a Jap

Lieutenant Commander Roy M. Davenport, then executive officer of the boat, was on the bridge. peering through his inevitable binoculars. The dark waters seemed clear and he was tempted to go below and get rid of the heavy leather jacket that was making him uncomfortably warm. Then he saw it — a periscope, barely visible. A moment later men in all parts of the Silversides were electrified as over the loudspeakers came the word:

Periscope on starbcard bow!"

There followed minutes carved from eternity. Silversides turned to port — unorthodox, for routine would have called for a turn into the enemy's path. But Davenport had acted instinctively and results proved the soundness of his act. The Jap sub helped things by raising its periscope again and again, while the executive officer calculated its position. At last he was ready, and Comdr. Burlingame, who had come to the bridge at first mention of the enemy sub, gave the word to fire.

In the after torpedo room two torpedo men reached for the firing button—there was nobody to perform the operation in the conning tower. Seconds later Silversides shuddered from the distant explosion. The Jap had lost the sparring match.

NEXT a trawler was sighted, a little 350-ton tub, not worth a torpedo. Silversides surfaced to wipe out the Jap with gunfire. Mike Harbin, Torpedoman Third Class, was serving as second loader as the Silversides spewed shells at the Jap. The Jap was fighting back, but her bullets were falling short. Mike had picked up a shell when a Jap slug bounced off the edge of the deck and plowed through his head. There was blood on the shell someone took from his drying hands to shove into the hot gun breech. It was the first of many shells that, in later years, served to avenge Mike's death many times over.

"Mike was a swell guy," Calvin S. Lloyd, Chief Electrician, said, in the wondering tone of a man who marvels at the costs of war. Lloyd was in the Silversides throughout her war duty - he served in no other ship, from the time he joined the Navy in September, 1941. But in Silversides he helped to sink 30 Jap ships totaling 147,062 tons, and to dam-

age 15 more totaling 68,560 tons.

Lloyd was aboard when the Silversides made its five runs under Comdr. Burlingame, its six under Commander J. S. Coye, Jr., and the three under Commander John Culver Nichols. He was aboard, keeping still and quiet, when the boat had to secure the ventilating system that helps make a sub a more pleasant place to be. This had to be done for the sake of silence when there were Jap ships about. They searched for the Silversides with sound detection and radar instruments, persisting in their hunt so that Silversides had to play dead for 36 hours. Lloyd can assert that this is monotonous and deadly, though less so to himself and the other electricians when they know the boat's battery can be depended on.



Lloyd will testify to the quality of submarine chow — known as the best in the Navy. He will tell you that the food must be good, officers and men partake of the same mess, though in different parts of the boat.

Submariners received 50 per cent additional pay for their nerve-testing, specialized work, over and above the usual 20 percent combat bonus. Lloyd will look mildly puzzled if you ask whether it isn't nervewracking to remain confined in the compact chambers of a submarine, knowing that you're far below the surface of a big and lonely sea. But he'll remember that he and the others who go down in subs get a careful going-over by Navy psychiatrists so there'll be no claustrophobia in the submarines.

Officers and enlisted men will tell you the same thing: that people stick together in the submarine service. They must all know every part of their boat and they all receive similar instruction at the start. The schools at the submarine base in New London. Conn., teach officers and enlisted men alike, up to the point where the men have sufficient training for

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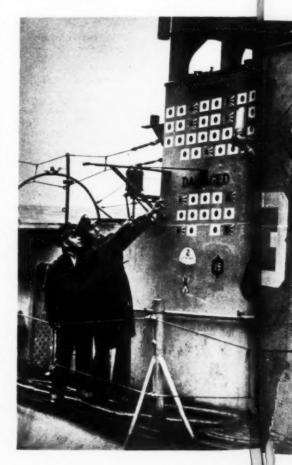
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their responsibilities.

During the war there was a definite routine for shifting officers and enlisted men from one boat to another, partly to assure all time for rest ashore and partly to distribute experienced men through the growing underwater fleet. This, and the natural feeling of comradeship among men taking the same risks in the same cause, made the service more of a "big family" than might have been expected.

Silversides took part in a scene that demonstrated this. By the autumn of 1944 our submarine fleet had expanded so that the boats could operate in packs. Silversides was working with the Salmon



nd the Trigger, near Formosa. Salmon discovered a Jap ship and the other subs came up to join her. Four other American underwater boats surfaced, and the group literally surrounded the Jap within 80 miles of her home waters.

A band of Jap patrol boats came steaming out and A band of Jap patrol boats came steaming out and soon there were six of the Jap craft battling the Americans. The Japs nicked Salmon with a depth charge, forcing her to surface, whereupon the enemy brought their guns to bear. One gunboat got to within 75 yards of the stricken submersible, and because of damage already received, Salmon could not dive and run. not dive and run.
"We thought," Comdr. Coye said, "that the only

thing we could do was maybe head in, and draw some of the fire."

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Silversides came up and plunged toward the attackers, and they left the crippled Salmon to ge after Silversides. That turned the trick. Silver-sides kept the Japs busy long enough to let Salmon get away - then the skilfully-maneuvered Silversides disappeared from the Japs' sight, soon to join Trigger in escorting Salmon to safe waters.

The men aboard a submarine find things out by the almost telepathic grapevine, but they have very good communications systems, too. Men in various parts of the boat have headphone sets, and a word from the bridge is passed quickly by the conning tower to the control room, or any other station. This easy communication has had some curious results.

One day a cook came reeling aboard a sub (it wasn't the Silversides) and excitedly called the skipper on the telephone.
"It's coming off, it's coming off,"

he shouted frantically.
"What's coming off?" the captain demanded gripped by the drama in the telephone voice.
"The hair on your head, you bald-headed old son of a gun!" the cook shouted. He hung up an instant before the enraged commander came sweeping through the boat, looking for somebody to court-

Usually people aboard a submarine understand each other better than average. When 80 or more men are quartered together in a tiny boat that is already filled up with torpedoes, ammunition, huge electric batteries to run the boat when submerged, endless vents, valves, pipes, tubes, dials, compasses, calculators, radios, radar apparatus, electronic sounding equipment and food for a couple of months, they have to hang together well — or else. Officers are officers, and everybody knows this — it isn't necessary for them to wear their bars on their skivvies,

This spirit of calm and mutual respect seems to be contagious. As the war rolled on, the duties of submarines changed. At first there were many enemy ships — referred to as "targets." Gradually fewer and fewer Japs ventured out beyond their coastal waters, and American submarine commanders had to work harder to find their quarry.

Toward the very end it became possible to spare some of them for lifeguard duty. They waited around assigned areas, ready to aid downed U.S. airmen. On



her conning tower Silversides has a painting of a parachuting aviator, and a figure "2" marked on the chute. That means she picked up two airmen, an Army and a Navy flyer.

At the risk of punning a bit it may be said that fliers are prone to look down somewhat on sub-mariners. But airmen who were received aboard after hours or days in lonesome and blue Pacific waters learned that submariners are really awfully good people.

Just recently, at New London, where Silversides was being completely overhauled and prepared for relegation to inactive status, we made a day's cruise in another sub, the Sea Owl, to get atmosphere for this story.

After pitching about for awhile on the surface in a choppy sea, we began to feel that the top of our head was coming loose, and decided that a bit of fresh air would help. Bumping along up to the bridge, we found the officer of the deck. He was at work, and about all he had to do was look through the fog, discover a landmark, notice any ships in the vicinity, keep on his course, and get the sub to wherever it was going. He had the help of lookouts, near him, and a navigator, below, as well as the usual electronic and mechanical aids employed by the Navy's surface vessels.

Back in the control room, we shakily accepted a cup of coffee.
"Don't spill it on the navigator's plotting board,"

our host cautioned.

He told a hair-raising story of a seaman who had knocked a whole cupful on the board, just after the navigator had marked down a great amount of data

on the course of a Jap ship — or target.

There was nothing for the navigator to do but act like a bull in a china shop, which he did.

There are many times on a submarine when one must move with caution. Such as when a man finds it necessary to follow this set of instructions:

> "DIRECTIONS FOR OPERATING BE-FORE USING.

"See that bowl flapper valve - Aclosed, gate valve — C — in discharge line is open, valve — D — in water supply line is open. Then open valve — E — next to bowl to admit necessary water. Close valves — D — and — E.

"After using.

"Pull lever — A. Release lever — A. "For air expulsion.

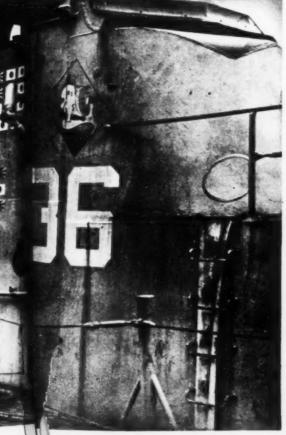
"Rock air valve - F - lever outboard to charge measuring tank 10. Above sea pressure open plus cock — B — and rock air valve — F — lever inboard to blow overboard, close valves B and C.
"For pump expulsion.

"Open plug cock B, pump waste re-ceiver empty. Close plug cock — B — close valve — C."

This routine is the only proper one for use of a modern submarine's toilet.

Chief Electricians Calvin S. Lloyd and Robert G. Kelly indicate Silversides' war trophies. The submarine sank 30 ships, damaged 14, rescued two fliers and placed 16 mines.

"Admiral," the mascot, made two war patrols as a pup. Ashore, he had to learn about trees. Here he is with shipmates Lloyd and (l. to r.) Ross Graham, Phil Armitstead and F. W. Hoaglin







TEHOADS JAPAN

FROM CHOADS SKETCH





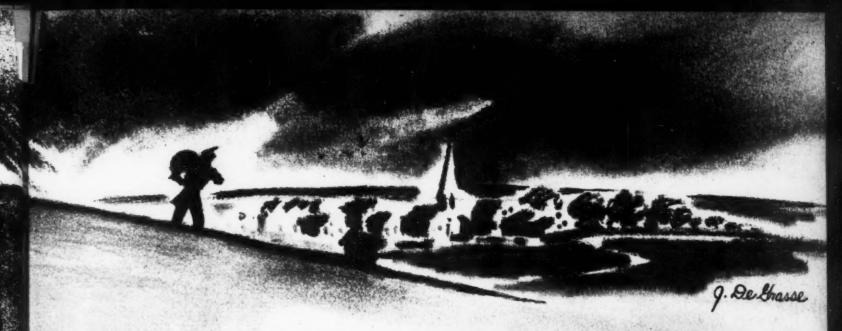


These scenes and faces came from the pen of
Leatherneck Staff Artist Fred Rhoads. They
were made on his recent tour of duty in Japan









Yet in Langston's home town, on this wintry January afternoon, a gaunt stranger was standing patiently in Britten's Cafe. Nearly a year after his death was announced and his wife had remarried, this visitor was saying that he was Langston and announcing that he had come back from the wars. While the little group stared unbelievingly, the shaggy stranger sat down on one of the counter stools. He breathed a sigh of relief, like a man who had come a long way, and thrust out his left leg at an awkward angle. One of the customers got up and broke for the door, but the rest of them just watched. Something strange was sitting at that counter, so strange that the story of it would go spilling across the whole country in a few hours.

spilling across the whole country in a few hours.

Sitting there, the man who claimed to have come back from the dead raised a cup of coffee in trembling hands. He began to talk, and as he did excitement washed across Newport like a fever. The news pulled people out of the barbershop, the poolroom, and the stores; it brought them on the run to Britten's Cafe. The stranger watched them come in and greeted most of them by their first names, even using nicknames that had been long-forgotten. He recalled old occurrences, picnics and parties, with the preoccupied air of a man who is enjoying the past. After a while, he got up and laboriously made his way to Field's Cafe, in the same block.

There he held court again, answering questions and greeting more people. One of them was George

Crownover, a long-time resident of Newport. A crowd of curious people lined the walls and gazed at the boy with awe while he talked. John Moore, local chief of police, came in and the stranger shook hands with him. For an hour, the group in the cafe listened while the visitor in dirty khaki talked about his return from the Pacific and about old times in the little Arkansas town.

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One thing was certain. The stranger knew local history as no impostor could possibly know it. He recalled particular ball games and fishing trips, and the stamp of intimate, personal knowledge was on everything he said. Like a latter-day Ancient Mariner, he recalled the years before the war and his listeners hung on every word breathlessly. Bit-by-bit, brought out by random questions, his war story began to unfold. He was, he said, a Marine scout on Iwo Jima. After being badly wounded, he had been captured by the Japanese and had escaped from them. Advancing American forces had liberated him on a near-by island after a period of guerrilla warfare. In that period, the stranger said, he had lost his left foot and his hands had been injured.

John Moore, chief of Newport's police, left the restaurant believing the incredible story. Somewhere, it seemed, in the terrible battleground confusion of Iwo, a mistake had been made. If that was true, some name-

less corpse lay buried with Langston's dog tag on it. A doubt began to grow in the peace officer's mind. As he answered the phone in his office, relating the story to the endless stream of callers, that doubt grew larger. Outside, however, the town was aflame with excitement. The stranger moved from Field's Cafe to the barbershop and from there to different stores. He ate dinner at George Crownover's house and spent the night there.

During dinner, the visitor dropped another bombshell. He announced that his wife had remarried. This was news to the entire town, since not even her own parents knew about it. The stranger produced a picture of her, and gazing at it, said that she had remarried another Marine, Corporal Fred Ossignac. He added that she was living in St. Joseph, Mich. The battered guest also showed the Crownovers a livid hole in his right ankle and said that it was a shrapnel wound. Mr. Crownover remembers that while the boy was showing the injured ankle, his right index finger stood out stiffly. But he never showed the artificial foot on his left leg and his only comment was that "the stub's pretty sore..."

In Little Rock, 90 miles away, the Associated Press teletypes began to chatter. The yellow copy paper came jerking out of them with one of the strangest stories of World War II. "The Phantom Marine," said the dispatches, had returned from an Iwo grave, and the whole countryside was stirred by the appearance of the grim stranger. On the city

desks in that section, editors read the news and their eyes narrowed thoughtfully. They were used to watching the erratic flood tide of human action roll off the teletypes in an endless stream and some of them hedged on this almost unbelievable story. Others flaunted it across their papers in banner heads. On January 20, all America read about the weird home-coming.

The Marine Corps checked its official records, announced that PFC William Willard Langston had been buried on the battlefield, and asked local authorities to pick up the man purporting to be the slain warrior. But it was too late. For the self-announced Marine had vanished, after regretfully commenting that he was too broken and useless to go home again. The limping man caught a ride out of town along the same highway by which he had come in. He was not frightened away by the newspaper stories because he left before they appeared in Newport.

Police Chief Moore had done some checking and he called the FBI bureau in Little Rock, requesting aid. The agent in charge there said that he could not officially enter the case, but he sent an investigator. This agent checked every location where the stranger had appeared and he interviewed all the local people with whom the visitor had talked. Then, without comment, he returned to Little Rock.

comment, he returned to Little Rock.

That afternoon, William Langston's mother received a letter signed with his name. The letter had

Continued on Page 58



This is the bed in which the tired visitor spent the night. George Crownover, the host, swears it was Bill Langston

Mrs. Linda Langston Ossignac and Duane, wife and son of the Marine who is officially dead

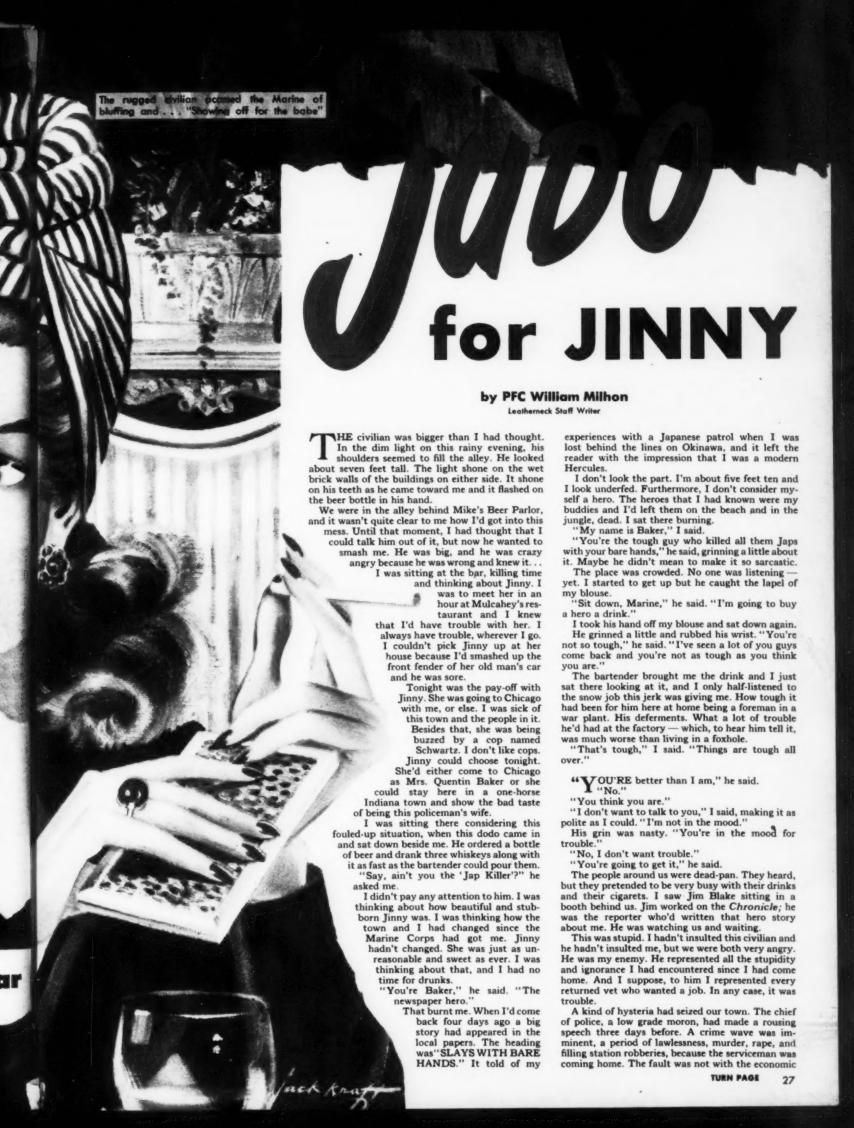




Home from battle, he met the backwash of war







JUDO FOR JINNY (continued)

system, said the chief. It was too bad that there weren't enough jobs to go around. The veterans, as a possible menace to life and property, would have to be dealt with.

Nobody with any intelligence believed this. But this civilian who was aching to fight me believed it.

"I've done all the fighting I'm going to do," I told him.

You're yella," he said. He said it loud.

The bartender froze with a beer glass halfway to the bar. The man on my left stiffened a little. Everything was quiet for a couple of counts.

The best thing for me to do was to take him outside and talk him out of it.
"Let's go outside," I said. And I walked out first

and everything started buzzing again.

He followed me. Nobody else came out. He looked bigger in the alley. He'd left his topcoat and hat

"You're all wrong, Jack," I said. "Let's forget

"You're afraid of me," he said.
"Forget it," I said; he was moving in toward me. "I know what is biting you. You think if you whip me that you'll prove something. Something you couldn't prove in the war. You want to tell everybody how you whipped a smart-alecky Marine. You're wrong, Jack," I said. "Let's forget it." "Fight, ya bastard," he said. He was big and

ugly and he was crazy angry because he knew that he was wrong. He came at me, swinging the beer

If I had doubled up my fists, I would have fought him, but I didn't. I waited, my hands stiff, ready to cut, ready to kill.

The civilian rushed clumsily, aiming the bottle at my head. I could have thrown him a dozen ways. I could have broken his arm, his shoulder, or his neck. And the hell of it was that I wanted to kill him. He was everything I hated.

I saw the wet bricks and the broken glass in the alley, and I knew that if I stayed there, I'd kill him. ought about the chief and Schwartz and how they'd like to get something on me. I thought about Jinny, and the job in Chicago, and the promise I'd made to her to stay out of trouble. I was so angry and helpless that I was crying without knowing it. I ducked the bottle and turned and ran.

Yella," he grunted, out of breath from his swing.

"Ya yella

I heard that as I ran, and then I slowed to a walk. I was shaking and I felt sick. I'd never run from a

The street was full of people, the Saturday night crowd. The shoppers and the drunks. I wiped my face and tried to get myself under control again. As I was walking past Mike's place somebody grabbed my arm.
"Ouent."

It was Jim Blake.

"Yeah.

"What happened?"

"Two drunks in an alley, that's all."

"But what happened?"
"I couldn't fight him," I said. "I ran."

"Oh," he stared at me for a few seconds. "Uh-oh!" "I'll see you," I said.

"Wait. Where you going? I've got to talk to you."
"I'm meeting someone," I said. "I have to go around to Mulcahey's and meet somebody."

"I'll be around later," said Jim. "You know you're in a mess, don't you? That Stevens is a troublemaker. He'll spread the story.

I don't care."

"I'll see you later," said Blake.

Jinny was irritated because I was late. She was sitting at a table on the side, glancing at her watch and smoking a cigaret with quick, angry puffs

I had walked for a long time. I was so fouled-up from that brush with the drunk that I didn't know what I was doing for a while. I hate to have a woman

sore at me. I said down.
"Wait," I said. "Don't give me the business. I was walking in the rain thinking about us."

"It isn't raining," said Jinny.

"Okay. I was walking." Jinny is small and her hair is almost red. Just the right flavor. She's prettier when she's mad because her eyes get bigger and brighter. Her voice gets several tones lower, too. And that is a very good point. I hate a woman who gets shrill and loud when she is sore.

"Is your old man still mad?" I asked.

"Please don't refer to my father as my old man," said Jinny. "He's very angry."

Quent recalled some Marine Corps judo and then lowered the boom on six guys

"Why didn't you tell him that you were driving?" Actually, both of us were driving when we banged into that culvert. It is hard to drive with Jinny without touching her. She was as much in the driver's seat as I had been.

"How's your boy friend?" I asked. "Old Sloppy

Schwartz.

"I don't wish to argue with you," said Jinny. "You know that Bud is a very good friend of mine."

'Is that why you won't see me?" "He doesn't want me to see you," Jinny said, stamping her cigaret out viciously. "He says that you will be a bad influence . . . "Oh, he says that, eh?"

"I'm only doing it for your protection, Quentin." (She calls me Quentin when she is sore at me.) "He says that somebody will collect \$10,000 worth of insurance if he catches you with me.

Good," I said.

You don't know how big he is. He's much taller than you are. He's the toughest man on the force.'

"Proud of him, aren't you?" Jinny looked at the menu.

"I'll have the veal, I think."
"Jinny," I said, "every night I was overseas I thought about you."

"Have you read any good books lately?" asked Jinny, sweetly.

"I'm leaving town," I said desperately. "You told me to stay out of trouble. I had a fight with a drunk tonight. Only I didn't fight. I thought about you and I didn't fight him."

'Fighting is stupid," said Jinny

"Sure. But if I stay around this town without having you, Jinny, I'm going to get all fouled-up. The chief hates me. He remembers every stop light I ran when I was a kid. You see?"

No. You're not very convincing." We occupied ourselves with Mulcahey's veal which should soothe anyone. I thought perhaps I could talk some sense into Jinny's head after she ate. Some women can be quieted with food.

Jim Blake sat down without invitation. These reporters have a lot of gall. I introduced him to Jinny and he said, "Hi," which I didn't like. Then he turned to me and forgot about Jinny.

"What are you going to do now?"
"I've got a deal in Chicago." I said. "I have a deal there that is a very fine deal, and I plan to take Jinny with me."

"Congratulations," said Blake.
"It isn't definite yet," I said.



another man came in and he was the roughest of the lot. He had a club. I flopped him just for the hell of it."

"Hah. I didn't get a letter in the last two months."

"I wanted to surprise you. It took two months for me to get home."

'Hah.

"You like me?" I asked. "Jinny, do you like me?" She looked at me soberly.

"Yes, I like you. I wish you'd grow up, though."
"I've grown up," I said. "I just had a relapse when I came back home. I've changed but not nearly so much as the town has. Look, are you going to marry this Schwartz person?'

"I'll take the veal and tea," she said.
"Come to Chicago with me," I said. I grabbed her hand and held it. "You come to Chicago with me and to hell with this town. I've got \$3000, pay and souvenirs. We'll live happily ever after, just the way they do in books."

"Oh." He shoved his hat back on his head and leaned over the teapot. His tie was dragging in my butter dish. "You don't realize what you did tonight, do you?"

What did you do?" Jinny asked me.

"Maybe I'd better see you alone," said Blake.

"No. Go ahead."

"You have ruined everything, that's all," said Blake. "You can't leave town after what happened tonight. I've built you up as a hero . . .

Thanks.

" . . . and you run away from a fight with this bastard Stevens, pardon me, Miss. You run away from this Stevens bastard and he spreads the story all over town. You're cooked. Your reputation is

"So what."

Continued on Page 59

Thousands of Marines
once trained for
Pacific battles at this base;
now it's almost deserted

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this away story on is This photo of the deserted hut area was taken from a 150-foot water tower \bigcirc



Down in world's end, the last stop on the "Yernassee, Beaufort, and the Santa Fe," the DIs could scare any

errant boot with warnings of the blood, sweat, and EPD he was heading for at TCU. This TCU is alphabet for Tent Camp University, school of hard knocks. The warnings were misleading, for whether he erred in his boot camp ways or not, the recruit was bound for New River's postgraduate training. During the war, that is.

During the war, that is.

To many people, Tent Camp has seemed to be the foster mother of Marines, but the men who trained there were absolutely unable to see any possible good in the green beaverboard huts with their extremes of temperature, their incompetent potbellied stoves, the grimy field tents, the sweat-jerking training schedule. Theirs was not the filial love one feels for his mother, or foster mother. To them Tent Camp was an obstacle to be conquered and this attitude throws an entirely different light on the subject.

Still blinking in amazement from their PI indoctrination, boots were dispatched to TCU for polishingup, not polishing-off, as rumor might have led some of them to believe. They had to get rid of that greenish look and the wetness behind their ears. They got rid of it. It didn't make any difference whether this second phase of training was endured under the blistering sun of summer or in the cold rough winds of winter; the results were still the same. The men's faces took on a bronzed, leathery quality and"lining 'em up and squeezing 'em off" got to hold real meaning in their daily lives.

From September, 1943, when the First Division

From September, 1943, when the First Division camped there on returning from Cuba, until it closed in September, 1945, Tent Camp was the place where East Coast Marines learned the methods of combat with which the Marine Corps has gained fame in two World Wars. They trained under such men as Colonel Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller.

Col. Puller, who took command in January, 1945, was at Tent Camp until it closed in September of the same year. He is a four-time winner of the Navy Cross and has been in the Corps since 1917. Part of his colorful history was spent in Haiti, where he won the Haitian Medal of Honor. He also served in Nicaragua, where he earned two Navy Crosses, and in Peking, China, with the Horse Marines. Col. Puller was also with the Fourth at Shanghai. He picked up his other two Navy Crosses in World War II while serving with the First Division.

COLONEL LEWIS B. PULLER
The wartime CO of Tent Camp



The old place isn't the same any more

Col. Puller believes Tent Camp training was of the utmost importance. During the past war, Marine replacements often arrived on the scene of an operation and were used forthwith against the enemy without any further field training. On many an occasion when replacements arrived between operations, there was not the terrain or proper facilities for additional training under overseas conditions, Col. Puller explains.

When I was told to pack my toothbrush and get my orders for Tent City, I said good-bye to the staff and told them how much I had enjoyed working with them. I was sorry I wouldn't be able to see their smiling faces any longer, but, I explained, I was

going back to line duty from whence I came.
"Oh no," I was told, "you are going there to do a story."

The color came back to my cheeks and I was off,

with a photographer in tow. We checked in at Public Information (nee Public Relations) on Hadnot Point, and, furnished with a Stateside copy of the jeep, we were on our way. The first thing we saw was the brig. The gates were ajar and empty. I was snowed, but it was a good

Next we faced a row of civilian slopchutes that at one time had been called the "Second Front." Deserted isn't the word for it. The place was strictly null and void. Here, where once re-cruits piled ten deep at the beer counters, forever trying to wash the dust out of their throats, there was silence and emptiness.

A left-hand turn at the end of the ghost street brought us to the old, once impres-sive gate to Tent City. Here, there was still a guard. We showed him our orders. He said it would be all right to go in, but first he wanted to

know why he hadn't re-ceived his copy of The Leatherneck since leaving boot camp. I explained that such a thing happens to one person in 500,000 and I didn't see how he could be that unlucky. As he menaced us with a glare, we handed him our copy and proceeded into the camp.

"Wait," he yelled, "there's one more thing and then you can go. I have to put a call in to the guardhouse that a roving patrol is entering the gate."
"Is that us?" I inquired.

Of course. Everyone who goes through the gate is checked in so the men on post won't take a shot at you. We don't have many visitors since Tent Camp closed. You are the first people to come through in six weeks."

So that was it!

'And the Second Front - "

Closed.

"Well, well. The old gray mere ain't what she used to be.'

The first thing I wanted to see was the hut I lived in the last time I saw Tent Camp. We had difficulty getting in but finally the lock gave way, and we landed inside, in the prone position. I found

my name scribbled on the wall over where my bunk once stood. The sacks and the stove that occupied the center of the floor were gone. The loneliness of the place overwhelmed me. It gave me the creeps, as if I were going through the live ammunition indoctrination course alone. Outside in the sunlight things seemed

brighter again.

We drove to the bayonet range, where we used to charge the dummies shouting "A la fin de l'envoi Je touche." One of the guys in my battalion had acted in a play and learned this line which means "at the end of the refrain, I run you through." It was French but the way we screamed it you couldn't tell it from Egyptian. The paths between the rows of swinging arms, once beaten solid by hard-digging boondockers, are soft now and the grass has had a chance to lift its green canopy.

The mock-up, whose sides we used to scramble

landing boat at its waterline was visited frequentl, in the old days by MPs who wouldn't permit coeducational carousal — if they could help it. In an old recreation shed, we found one of those

visual aid charts with which they taught us how to use the compass. It was here, while studying this ancient pathfinder, that I received one of the severest mental shocks of my belabored youth. I had discovered that instead of just the one, there were three norths, true north, magnetic and grid north. Be cause some "Brain" had figured out a more com plicated system of map making we had to march for days through the boondocks, learning to travel by the grid until we became so groggy we couldn't tell an azimuth from a foxhole and consequently had difficulty finding a place to sleep.

Onslow Beach was next on our revisit. Here we



over in practicing for beach landings, stood forlornly nearby. It appears less ominous since someone has removed the cargo net that once draped over it, a grotesque latticed pattern on its wooden face. The



Private Art Dowty of Texas, checks a

mess hall where rations are stored

A row of civilian slopchutes that was once called the Second Front couldn't pass for door now. Sporting no comforts for man or beast, the whole place is strictly null and void

had practiced seasickness on a grand scale. I remembered that on the first day out we had figured this a soft touch.

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You mean all we got to do is run off a ramp onto the beach with no guns firing at us?" we had asked.

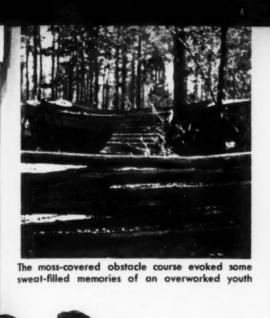
For answer they had thrown us off the LCPs, way out there in the breakers, I pointed for Photographer Tyler's edification) and for those who were six feet or more it was merely neck-deep. When we had finally hit the beach, we had been so tired we were barely able to dig in every five yards of our "ad-vance" throughout the rest of the day.

Not in the least fatigued (as I was) by my tale, Tyler climbed some towers to get the shots that accompany this story. And when he suggested we go through the old obstacle course "for fun" I could only shakily walk around each moss-covered obstacle and let him go it alone.

The old steel-decked landing boat on the course is still not a pleasant sight. I seemed to see the corporal, still standing at the log wall. He was the one who, when you could hardly make the top for fatigue, would smile sweetly and yell:

"Okay — now make like a deer."
Although the sun was bright and warm, and there was nothing moving around us but the birds and Tyler, I was so apprehensive I could hardly walk to

It was nearly chow time, so we passed, with a glance, the rifle range, and the butts where the



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A bugle sounded, 240 men whooped, and 30 seconds later the camp's entire garrison was ready to eat

The switchboard in the fire control tower was a mass of tangled wire. Below lay the live ammo indoctrination course, with its unused machine gun platform and water-filled demolition craters

devil-driven old gunny used to find partial relief in screaming "up, down reep" to his green slaves.

At 1630 in days gone by, you would have seen the different training battalions come swinging down the wide avenues of the City. Now there comes only the weak blowing of a lonely bugle over the desert of abandoned hut roofs. The wild scrambling of the 240 Marines who now make up the camp's detach. 240 Marines who now make up the camp's detachment was only a muffled drumming in the distance. But it was enough to inspire us, and with the aid of the jeep we were there in time to get in line. Tyler made it first only because I had to get around the steering wheel.

Not so many months ago 16,000 men would have been storming the mess halls.

After chow there was still light enough to reminisce a little more. We picked the live ammunition indoctrination course. It was hard to imagine that here I had crawled through barbed-wire entanglements, earnestly hoping men at the triggers of the roaring heavies were not too handicapped by hang-over

Someone touched me on the shoulder and the puppup-pup of the long silent guns died from my ears. It was Tyler.

"Looks better now, all right," I said.
"Yeah," he grinned, "but the lieutenant told me the place may be reopened as a training center one of these days, just as soon as they get through rushing replacements straight overseas.



"Half-mast all targets." From firing line to "Silence" is now the order of the day



The once beaten paths are less beaten, but the dummies can still swing on their rusty springs





being taken for rides, the turning of brother against

A guy named Dan Duryea, a daring devil with the women, is making a career out of knocking them down and kicking them around. Joan Bennett is his latest victim in "Scarlet Street," wherein Danny Boy really gives her the works. (To get even Joan gets herself murdered, which is a fatal form of reprisal.) To help stand up under the Duryea dogs Miss Bennett wore a pad on her posterior, but she found it hard to keep track of the cushion and one day nearly got kicked without it. She remembered just in time.

Claudette Colbert was less fortunate. In sharing a love scene with John Wayne she had arranged



herself charmingly on a Hollywood haystack that somehow had escaped the California rain. (It was set up indoors, to be exact.) The stack was carefully sprayed with hay fever lotion, the hay was sterilized and sanitized and fittingly glamorized. Then right smack in the middle of a kiss Claudette screamed in Wayne's face, leapt to her pretty feet and frantically rubbed her posterior. Reckless scene builders had overlooked a bee that evidently disliked being overlooked.

Those responsible for the injury to Miss Colbert may claim that when they sent her to the haystack they didn't know it was loaded. But what defense can be offered by the people who mistreated Jane Greer? No doubt on the screen, in "Sunset Pass," it will appear that Miss Greer is properly protected.

HEDY LAMARR

Strong men quiver under a direct glance from those 200-watt optics and time again. The Laurenz face was just tough enough to make Jane's hand swell up excruciatingly.

Dumb animals are not immune to the Hollywood lust for realism. Steel, a beautiful sorrel stallion, was not

permitted to walk up the side of a hill so he could be photographed coming down it a little later. No, he had to be stuffed into a trailer and carried up, and the trailer overturned and Steel nearly got hurt.

Another horse was exposed to some Hollywood scheming of almost unbearable ingenuity. The script said the horse should notice something in the bushes and shy away from it, thereby warning his handsome rider in the nick of time that Bad Men Were At Hand. The horse was naturally uninterested in the script, so somebody figured a way to make him pay attention. They put a rattlesnake in a bag (where the snake, undoubtedly, was very uncom-fortable but what did hardhearted Hollywood care?). They put the bag in the bushes. and it rattled, and the horse shied, showing more sense than anybody in the neighborhood.

The fiendish cleverness of the blood-and-guts realists sometimes affects leading men, even. So that Mark Stevens and Henry Morgan would look really and truly tired for a scene in "From This Day Forward," they were driven to carrying a heavy box up a flight of stairs six times.

Brother turned against Brother when the Warner Brothers tried to tell the Marx Brothers they couldn't call a movie "A Night In Casablanca." Warner Brothers said this would not be fair to their



"I can't understand the Warner Brothers' attitude. Even if they plan on re-releasing the picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn to distinguish between Ingrid

Bergman in 'Casablanca' and Harpo in 'A Night In Casablanca.' I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try."

Groucho explained he wasn't really mad at Warners—"some of my best friends are Warner Brothers," he said. Yet there was heartbreak in his voice.

BUT for purely chivalrous reasons, it is the black and blue spots on the beautiful ladies that bother us. For a moment we thought we had found something kind about the dewy California movie colony, when we read that Universal had hired six-foot-four Rod Cameron, a former New York sand hog, for an important part in "Frontier Then we found out that one of Cameron's best scenes was the one where he spanked ecstatic Yvonne De Carlo with his big, rough hand.

Cameron admitted, afterward, that "it was a hard job," too.

Hollywood has spread a story that may be intended to mitigate its strange treatment of these beautiful women and for a moment it had us some-what snowed. "Fragile film cuties now thing of past," the announcement said.

Where Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Janet Gaynor and other stars of the silent films averaged five feet, one inch, and weighed a fragile 101 pounds, the newer glamor girls are more rugged and bigger. Dorothy McGuire, Hedy Lamarr, Maureen O'Hara and Lauren Bacall all are more than five feet, five inches tall, and weigh between 119 and 125 pounds. The implication is clear: modern girls can take punishment and smile, because they're healthy, big

For awhile this Hollywood pap soothed us and we ceased to fret over the sad condition of Hollywood's loveliest flowers. But then what happened? We found another story, straight and true from Hollywood, and discovered an amazing fact about Ingrid Bergman, whom we had always thought of as a picture of beautiful, almost tomboyish health.

Ingrid was to fling a glass of tomato juice at Cary Grant for the picture "Notorious," but she had to make two attempts before she had the strength to throw it high enough to hit him in the face. She got him on the second try, and then went and sat down, winded. It was tough on Cary, too.









Jehydrating THE DIPLOMA



During the Iull between Pacific battles many Marines turned to education and now with peace, MCI has 27,095 pupils on foreign soil

by ex-Sgt. Ralph W. Myers

PEACE finds the Marine Corps operating an overseas boot camp for civilian life at full division strength, reinforced. Marines in the Pacific are getting an education via correspondence school to the tune of 27,095 active students. Total enrollment in the Marines' educational program, including men at sea, Stateside and elsewhere, nearly doubles that figure.

The overseas program of matriculation by mail is operated from the Marine Corps Institute's Pacific branch which is set up in a reconverted PX on a hill outside Honolulu. While other Marine functions are making plans to trim sail, MCI is looking forward to increased business.

Yesterday the lad in dungarees looked forward to the next operation and worked hard to prepare himself for it. And when the operation came off, he had learned how preparation pays dividends. Increased enrollments show he is aware that peace, like

war, calls for preparation.

On one postwar day, 748 enrollments were received at MCI's overseas headquarters. Only 24 men quit their studies that day, and more than half of these were "completions" of courses.

A large group of MCI's Leatherneck students are trying for straight high school credits — credits that will keep them out of adolescent classrooms when they peel off their khaki shirts.

Most of the 20,905 men taking academic and business courses on the high school level were working for credits that would get them a diploma and qualify them for college work under the GI Bill of Rights.

Less intensive training schedules in the divisions will boost MCI's enrollment to a new high, school officials believe.

The Institute is a salty outfit, established back in 1920, and several high-ranking Marines obtained their formal education in manila envelopes. The branch at Pearl Harbor moved out early in 1945 to reduce mailing delay. The time lag of the added 4000-mile round trip threatened to slow down the program as the "students" fought their way hundreds of miles westward.

MCI admits that education in a classroom under a good teacher is better than the correspondence sort of learning for the average fellow. But they also say that the man who sweats out a course under his own steam, with nothing between him and knowledge except the textbook and canned lessons, is almost a cinch to know his subject when the course is finished. an the T the fa

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By and large, MCI runs its activity just like the big commercial schools, and in the early days a lot of its courses were copies of work done by such established firms as International Correspondence School. Today there is a difference, though, and the difference is in MCI's favor.

The Institute, unlike the private concern, does not have to make a profit. Handling and correcting a student's papers are two of the big costs of running a school by mail. Therefore, the private outfit will take a good textbook and break it down into 12 or 13 units, each unit requiring a paper that demands a close check.

MCI more likely will break the book down into 20 or 24 units. That means more lessons, and more papers to correct. But it also means that the student absorbs his lessons in smaller, more easily digested lessons. The process of learning is less painful and more certain.

MCI offers 150 courses, and still is expanding its curricula. These include 34 college courses, 45 high school courses, 59 technical subjects and a dozen special studies such as modern crime detection and post exchange accounting.

WHEN the men at MCI snap open their records for public inspection, they do it with a certain flair of satisfaction. And those records reveal some interesting things about tomorrow's man in mufti.

Many a Marine will leave the service speaking and writing the language better than he did when he joined. English is the most popular subject in the high school bracket. Math subjects are second, and history a close third. These three and civics are the top-ranking subjects, largely because all are "musts" in most school diploma requirements.

A glance at the enrollment figures in a study like English literature, for instance, proves that the courses appeal mostly to men with one or two years of work unfinished for a completed high school record. In the first two grades, freshman and sophomore, the enrollment is small, just over 100. But in the junior and senior grades, where many a

In top photo Sergeant Albert Richard and Corporal George Davidson open mail at the Pacific branch. Second photo shows Sergeant David Jones checking records to prevent duplications. Third photo pictures Corporal Pat McKee, instructor, checking a student's lessons and the final picture shows Corporals John Murphy and Robert Owens loading a truck with bags of textbooks

man's education was interrupted, enrollments total more than 1283. The breakdown by grades is similar in grammar, composition, rhetoric and English ex-pression courses, where more than 3122 others are

The records show the Marine has a wholesome interest in his country's history. Nearly four men are studying American history for one studying in the other fields - ancient, medieval and modern

Interest in bookkeeping took a sharp upward turn at the time small business opportunities were announced in the GI Bill of Rights. More than 1300 men in the field were taking this course when the war ended. In July alone, 290 men began studying bookkeeping. And at the same time, a sharp rise in business law was recorded on both the high school and college levels.

INTEREST in the college courses has been growing steadily. This bracket took a big boost in enrollments when Marines with "shipping over" plans learned that completion of two years of college work with MCI will meet educational qualifications of an enlisted man for a commission as readily as two years of college elsewhere.

Courses in the Institute's long list of technical studies, ranging from plumbing to general psychology, attract one third of the total student body in the Pacific, and advances in enrollment are keep-

ing pace with the other brackets.

MCIPAC's staff of 119 men and four officers, under Lieutenant Colonel C. Lee Jordan, fight long mail routes in keeping their far-flung classes going, and they are similar to teachers everywhere in that their most active contact is with the poor student. This is in the form of the "withheld" slip, the note that is returned to the student with a lesson that fails to measure up to standard.

In it they tactfully point out that you failed to understand such and such a part of the lesson. "Teacher" adds that he knows you want to understand, and tells you to rework them and submit the paper again. A "faculty" of 79 men grade and handle

However, each man gets personal service from a section of MCI's head office in Washington if he is trying to complete high school credits. His school is contacted, and a transcript of his records received. Then MCI tells the student what required and optional subjects are necessary to get that sheepskin, and an education completion plan is outlined for his particular needs if he has some special career or vocation in view. This unit also investigates credit requirements of specific colleges that the new students have set their sights on.

Around MCIPAC, they are betting that one young Marine will achieve his goal — enrollment in radio engineering at Carnegie Tech. In his early school days, this fellow was interested in puttering

around electrical shops, and little else.

He wouldn't finish school, and had some difficulties as a youngster. For some reason, he took a renewed interest in schoolwork, showed a real capacity to learn, and got back into normal school life with new vigor. The war interrupted his education, but not for long.

Shortly after he left boot camp, he enrolled in his first MCI course, and since has gained four high school credits. They are betting that when his hitch is up, he will be ready to take a crack at the big-league educational challenge at Carnegie Tech.

That boy's case is uncommon. But it reflects an interest and determination common to the thousands who are doubling in brass as Marines and students. Some, however, are like the chap who wrote recently:

"I'm taking this course just to learn something, not to get a diploma. The idea is to learn a few things

I should have learned years ago."

Between the lad shooting for Carnegie Tech and the one who just wants to learn something, thousands of Marines are working through MCI on a training program that will help them win the peace just as surely as they helped win the war.

Every indication is that the country's educators are standing by to do their share in helping veterans along the road of learning. A new bulletin issued by the University of Florida, titled "Education for Veterans," illustrates the spirit of schools awaiting the return of servicemen.

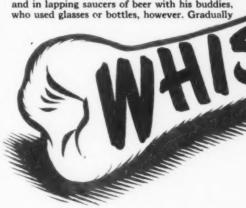
'Students will be admitted who can demonstrate in a series of tests that they are able to profit by college work, regardless of secondary-school credity earned."



NY member of Marine Bombing Squadron 433 will readily tell you there was never a guy like "Whiskey." When he passed from the early stages of puppyhood, Whiskey transcended all canine characteristics, beliefs and mannerisms to become a "guy" along with the rest of the members of the squadron. Had Lieutenants Dallas Wilfong and Malcolm

McGuckin not been very much attracted to the fuzzy, butter-ballish puppy they found one winter afternoon, Whiskey would no doubt have become a country squire, to spend his declining years in teaching his grandchildren the subtle arts of 'possum chasing and flea scratchin'. But Fate cast the die in another direction and Whiskey grew up to become a Marine flier.

His childhood was spent in crawling around the boys' feet as they sat in the club at nights, flying all the training hops with Willie and Mac, and in lapping saucers of beer with his buddies,



he began to acquire the personality and philosophy of a good Marine. He wanted to stay out all night and sleep until noon each day. Whiskey always bitched and became emotionally upset to a high degree when Willie made him get up early in the mornings to meet musters and fly. The two became a familiar sight around the

squadron - Willie walking along in flight togs swearing at Whiskey, branding him as a lout, a menace to all that was holy and, worst of all, a hound. Half asleep and much disgusted with the manner in which man ran his world, Whiskey sulked along behind, completely devoid of any

enthusiasm or cooperation.

The sad truth was that Whiskey had no special nationality. He was an unfathomable combination of practically every type of dog known, and seemed to have developed a rather sensitive nature because of his dubious social status. We were always kind to him and spoke well of his name and talents in his presence, lest he be plunged into the depths of an inferiority

To further offset such a calamity, Wilfong and McGuckin promptly commissioned Whiskey a second lieutenant one evening in the club. Everyone got drunk and celebrated, including Whiskey. This was the first occasion on which he was known to partake of hard liquor. When a jigger of bourbon was poured into his mouth, he swallowed, spat, coughed, sneezed and then barked, racing in as wide circles as the size of the club would permit. And he always ended the

circle at someone's chair asking for a drink.

By the time the squadron arrived overseas,
Whiskey was quite a character. He had piled up more than 300 hours of flying time, had his own logbook and was the size of a small Shetland pony. He loved flying, the boys he flew with and the life he led. When a truck pulled up in front of the quarters and the fliers began piling in, it meant a raid somewhere and Lieut. W. W. Whiskey was there on top of everyone. He went to the briefings but generally did not care for the interrogation after missions. A space on the fliers' chart in the operations office was devoted to Whiskey's combat record along with the others. Each day when swimming parties went to the

again. Nor was he the backward type who had to be thrown into the water. He dived in with the rest and swam as long as they did. He became famous all over the island. He

beach, Whiskey was in the middle of things

hitchhiked back and forth from one camp to another with the pilots and was always offered rides when walking along the roads alone. One particular occasion I remember well: It was a hot day and two of us had been standing beside the road for some time waiting for a ride. We saw the guard company's command car coming up the road with the sergeant of the guard driving and our hopes soared. The car pulled up to a stop, the sergeant turned and said, "O.K.

Whiskey, get out."

W. Whiskey, get out turned and said, O.K.
Whiskey, get out."

W. W. Whiskey, second lieutenant, USMCR, sole passenger of the car, disgustedly crawled from the seat to the ground and ambled over to Wilfong's quarters in search of shade. The car

drove away empty.

At nights Whiskey attended the movies with Wilfong and sat through the whole picture. He especially liked the USO shows because they afforded him the opportunity of walking around the stage and becoming the center of attention. For we believed in the final analysis that our buddy, Whiskey, was a lovable show-off and demanded to be kept in the limelight at all times.

He insisted on carrying Wilfong's cushion to the movies and frequently made Willie chase him to get it. Just a liking for attention. After each raid he took part in, Whiskey would bounce and roar at Wilfong until he got the clip board with all the papers from the plane. Then he would trot proudly across the taxiway to the operations office, head high, board in his mouth, to report in from another mission.

He was as much a part of the squadron as any of the human members. No social function was complete without Whiskey, and all his buddies were proud of his friendship and company. He flew 35 combat missions to pile his total flying time to 450 hours. He flew on day strikes, sat in the plane's nose at nights and watched the Japs throw five-inch shells at them, rode through hails of tracers to get at Jap boats and gun positions and knew what palm trees looked like while skimming a few feet above at high speed.

So no matter that his life was short. It was a full one. Whiskey lived high, was a good pal, fought the war and was killed by a bullet. He was a damn good Marine. JOHN ABNEY



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Gab Gabout Gams

Pfc Leonard Riblett
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

BY NOW you probably have discovered that we are a great admirer of the opposite sex. We like to regard ourself as something of a connoisseur in that fascinating field. Indeed, we almost lost our head during one bit of research, but that was because she had an unreasonable father. And lately, of course, our interest in the form divine has been purely academic.²

But it seems to us we would be derelict in our duty to readers of The Leatherneck if we let pass unchallenged recent advertising claims that shapely legs are merely the scaffolding upon which to hang nylon hosiery. Isn't THAT a horrible thought?

Naturally no Marine would make such a statement, and we are sufficiently buddy-buddy with the Army and the Navy to believe that they, too, hold no such convictions. This is one place, at least, in which the services are unified. But what is really

An authority on things

surprising is that a woman would make such a statement. Using the public print as her medium, she declared:

"Without nylons what would legs be?"3

This contradicts a thought that goes back to the time Eve coyly dropped an eyelash with sufficient enthusiasm to jar loose a fig leaf, for the daughters of Eve long have regarded lovely limbs as inducements, rather than mere articles for locomotion. Do not feminine fashions bear this out? The trend of skirts, for example, has progressed in two directions. High — and higher. We always have been a firm believer in up-trends.

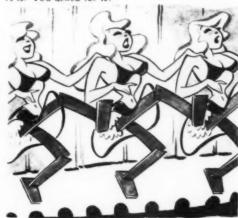
Feminine legs, says this woman who shakes the very underpinnings of our romantic soul, are but window-dressing supports for nylon hosiery. Our conception of a girl with legs like window-dressing

supports is this:

We had an idea that the word "gams" was something new in the way of slang, but were surprised to find that the boys had an eye for gams way back in history. Gams as gams, we mean. An old character named Fuller did some writing back in 1661— it's pretty horrible, in fact— in which he said a friend of his was "gam'bd like a goat." That's the kind of a person Fuller was.

The English picked up gam from the Normans, who had the word gamb. And the Normans picked it up from the old French. They spelled it jamb. It is a common expression in heraldry, and heraldry goes back at least to the eighth century. We hear now and then the expression "shake a leg," meaning to hurry up, or sometimes, to dance. Well, in 19th century England, when a gay young buck wanted to square off with a babe, he suggested "fluttering a gam." And the boys called the stockings of those days "gam cases." But getting back to today, is it neces-

Eve coyly dropped an eyelash with tremors that tore loose a fig leaf sary to refute the claim that attractive gams⁴ are but scaffolding upon which to drape nylon stockings? It is? You asked for it:



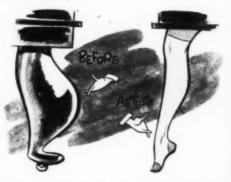
We admit that wives and girl friends avidly seek nylons with desire akin to lust, but we seriously doubt whether they consider their pedal extremities as merely something with which to fill their stockings.⁵ No male over the age of 10 ever became excited about stockings filled with apples, for instance.

Man, you see, has three stages in the development of his soul. In the first he regards stockings as something to hang on a chimney for Santa to fill. In the second stage, when interest in Santa has waned, stockings are something a man wears out and a woman fastens to a garter belt. In the third stage, which comes late in life (thank goodness), a lady's stockings are something he regards wistfully as he walks home, a volume of philosophy tucked under one aging arm.

Somehow we got away from the original premise,

so we repeat:
"Without nylons what would legs be?"

Just to be nasty we would like to know what nylons can do for piano legs? We shall now call upon artist Karl Hubenthal to save this article with a devastating cartoon:



The girls tells us they like nylons because they are more sheer than the usual run of stockings. They like this diaphanous quality. (Diaphanous comes from the Greek, diaphanes, meaning "to show through." The Greeks didn't have nylons in those days, but their women wore long, flowing gowns. Maybe they got the word by watching the sun shine through these). Our girls want stockings so shert they can hardly be seen. Yet they feel they aren't dressed unless they are wearing stockings. Con-



fusing, isn't it? The girls also like nylons because they (the stockings) do not bag at the knees on a rainy day. We couldn't check on this since the last time it rained here our investigation was foiled by raincoats that extended below the knees. You just can't go up to a girl in the rain and ask her to show you her knees.

These arguments on behalf of nylons sound logical enough and we have no objections to them. We hasten to agree that we much prefer sheer hosiery to some we have seen; the black stockings worn by the English Wrens, for example. We note, too, that white stockings have a restraining influence on matters amatory, especially when the nurse wearing them is carrying a hypo needle. It is hard to con-centrate on things esthetic when she is liable to execute a flank movement.

There is the possibility, too, that nylons will be affecting the grunt and groan profession. If what they say about nylons is true, and should a wrestler's tights be made of nylon, will this happen?



Nylons have been advertised as something better than vitamins for milady's tootsies, and like vitamin advertising, we can see what this will lead to:

"Knock-kneed? Wear nylons!"
"Do you have B.L.? One pair of nylons a day will chase B.L. away!"

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Pity the lovely lass whose best friends won't tell her she has B.L. In a hurry to dress for a date she grabs one nylon and one ratty old silk stocking that couldn't have cost more than \$15. Thus she has the magic protection of nylon on but ONE leg. We can just picture her consternation when she discovers:



We realize it is a good thing for the nylon people to make women nylon-conscious, but this time they have gone too far. They have put their foot in it.

Should we say there's no heel like a nylon heel.

Anyway, a callipygous wench with stems divine is more worried about making someone run AFTER her stockings than she is about runs IN her stockings.8

FOOTNOTES

- I Connoisseur, French for wolf: there are more than 300,000 connoisseurs in the Marine
- Corps.

 2 This has but one purpose; to impress our

3 — Well, they could be legs.
4 — A gam, if you are the technical type, is a school of whales.

5 - There are some light-limbed customers who do, of course.

6 — Breathes there a man with a girl svelte, who has never been intrigued by her garter belt?

7 — Bow legs. 8 — Any volunteers?

SHAVE HAIRCUT

IEN HSIANG CHI'S bathhouse has become our favorite bathing oasis here and, according to Lou Punk, the house's Number One Boy, we are considered a "ding-hao patronizer."

Tien Hsiang Chi's establishment is in the center of the Chinese singsong, bargainshop bedlam along eastern Taku road. There a hot bath in a real tub costs only \$400 FRB, or from five to ten cents American, depending on the prevailing rate of exchange, and the other services that are offered range from hair to toenail cutting with money changing a profitable sideline.

Just the other day, Tien Hsiang Chi upped his tubbing tariff by \$100 FRB, posting this humble communique throughout his Oriental sudatorium:

We beg to notify our patronizers that we have to increase our bathing charge to \$400 FRB each in order to support our high expenditure here, which is growing every day upward, and we hope that our patronizers will render us their sympathies.

The day the notice was tacked up we wandered into Tien Hsiang Chi's secondfloor quarters for a complete overhauling, i.e., a bath, a shave, a rubdown and a toenail trim. We arrived in excellent spirits, although burdened with a two-day growth of beard; we left with aching muscles and a mild headache, and no pathies" for Tien Hsiang Chi!

Lou Punk welcomed us gleefully as we entered the gloomy, threadbare hallway which slices through a score of plainlyfurnished combination bathing and lounging rooms. He took our arm in his with a hearty "nie-hao," gave a dozen commands in clipped gibberish to a collection of Chinese men and boys, and led us to a straw-padded divan in a two-room suite that was private, if you don't count constant peeking by curious hired help.

While we sat on the couch and sipped hot tea, Lou screeched directions to his motley but good-natured crew. A ten-yearold kid pranced in with towel and soap. A haggard old man filled the tub in the adjoining room with steaming water. An inscrutable young man in white gown and black slippers replenished our teapot. A fourth member of the bathhouse staff trotted in with the rubber bath slippers.

The bath itself was commonplace, but the rest of the routine left us rather dazed. We stretched out on the lounge for a quiet post-bath smoke. But not for long. erked upright as Tien Hsiang Chi's official toenail cutter, a gorilla-like fellow, loped into the room. Stripped to the waist, he resembled a half-clad runaway from a movieland gangster mob. His head was shaved to the scalp, and he appeared strong enough to strangle a camel, barehanded.

His equipment consisted of an ancient, metal floor lamp, a six-inch-high foot stool, a razorstrop and a tray of chisels.

Where, we wondered apprehensively, were the scissors for toe trimming and why

the chisels?

"Chop Chop," as they called him, seated himself on his little stool, grabbed a trem-bling foot by the ankle and thrust it under the bright light of his floor lamp. With his other hand he sharpened a half-dozen chisels on the razorstrop. We picked up a collection of magazine clippings in a nervous attempt to ignore the impending operation.

Bending low over our rapidly numbing feet, "Chop Chop" cut through the overgrown nails as though he were slicing pie. From toe to toe his chisels flew, the larger tools for the major clipping, the smaller ones for the toe corners. Within ten minutes our nails were neatly trimmed. Our toes were unscathed, we noted with surprise. 'Chop Chop" gave us a farewell grunt, gathered his lamp and stool and tray of tools and padded out of the room.

Tien Hsiang Chi's two-letter man, the barber and rubdowner, arrived next, with a satchel of brushes, lather cups, jars of cream and powder and a dozen heavy towels. He threw the towels on us, backed up a foot or two and then lunged at our divan with a wrestler's half nelson glint in his eyes. He grabbed our muscles, tendons and bones one by one. He pressed and pinched and pulled and pounded and jabbed and shook and squeezed and rubbed and pressed. .

The shock of lukewarm lather on our face aroused us from semiconsciousness and we realized we had advanced from body thumping to face scraping. A scratchy razor was ripping through our whiskers. Just as we were about to protest against the possibility of facial contusions and abrasions the barber substituted a powder puff for the razor, and quit.

As he waddled out, Lou Punk slithered in with a bill for "services rendered" literal, these Chinese)! The check totaled \$760 FRB. We handed Lou a \$500 bill, three \$100 bills and two loose \$10 bills, shook hands with him and the towel-andsoap youngster, then fled.

The rate of exchange that morning was \$4000 FRB to the American dollar and we figured the actual cost of our visit to

we figured the actual cost of our visit to Tien Histang Chi's bathhouse, in Uncle Sam's coinage, to be:
Bath, \$400 FRB or (roughly) ten cents; shave, rubdown and toenail trim, \$120 FRB or three cents each, making a total of 19 cents. The \$60 FRB tip amounted to something over one cent American.

SGT. JOHN O. DAVIES, JR. USMC Correspondent

END



Sole remaining hope of a mother with a missing son is this picture of four Marines manning a Jap fieldpiece on Guam. The picture was taken after the Marine had been reported killed in action

A Mystery of Saipan

The photograph reproduced here brought hope, nearly two years ago, that a young Marine still lived, although he had been reported killed in action. Up to the present, the hope never has been fulfilled, but neither has it faded.

Mrs. Carl Walker of Arlington, Va., saw the picture when it was published in a Washington newspaper. She had been notified of the loss of her son, Crichton T. Walker, whose death was reported to have occurred on Saipan. 16 July 1944. But the picture

occurred on Saipan, 16 July 1944. But the picture was made on the 28th of July, and it seemed to show Mrs. Walker's son in the center of the group gathered around the Japanese gun.

The Marine standing over the gun, mouth open and cap shoved back on his head, is either Crichton Walker

or someone so like him that Mrs. Walker would travel far to make sure. She already has gone to Honolulu with her husband, seizing an opportunity for the trip in the hope of finding someone who would lead them to their son. They found no such aid.

The man in the picture has remained unidentified. The photographer who took the picture, a Corporal Robertson, had no chance to get the men's names when he photographed them. He remembers that they were attached to Corps Artillery, and were working in the vicinity of Garapan.

Whoever was near Garapan, at the time the picture was taken, and can identify the man who so closely resembles Crichton Walker—or anyone else in the picture—may do the Marine's mother a great kindness by writing to: The Editor, The Leatherneck, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Atom Bowlers

The site of Nagasaki is still shaking from the thun-derous meeting of two former All-America football greats in the cosmic Atom Bowl game.

The chief antagonists in the Marine vs. Marine clash were Bullet Bill Osmanski of the Isahaya Tigers, and Accurate Angelo Bertelli, coach and captain of

the Nagasaki Bears.

Bertelli, once a Notre Dame star, got off to a fast start and, in two successful touchdown heaves to Paul Donat, shoved the Tigers far in arrears by halftime, 13 to 0.

Then, in the second half, the gigantic Osmanski (Holy Cross, Chicago Bears) opened up. He got his first tally by nipping a Bertelli pass in the bud, and thundered on to score again, yanking his Tigers by the bootstraps to a 14 to 13 victory. All three conversions were made by the two atomic Atlases.

Reconversion on Okinawa

It's a wonder no one has thought of it before ment mixers make excellent clothes-washing machines. When Marines of the Second Air Wing got squared

away on Okinawa, they found natives wasning clothes in the usual native way — by beating them on rocks. This method has been found to be hard on clothes. So they dug up an abandoned cement mixer and some Seabees, and collaborated in the making of a washer.

Blades were removed and replaced by six two-by-

four bumpers. One side of the mixer was sealed by welding on an oil drum top. To keep the other side watertight, the port into which the clothes are stuffed watertight, the port into which the clothes are stuffed was fitted with a steel door, using a gasket made from the rubber lining of a Jap plane fuel tank. The door was locked with the screw of an antiaircraft gun. The completed machine was turned over to the military government on the island and became the chief piece of equipment in a laundry operated by native women.

native women.

Happy Hollywood Ending

The what's-in-a-name business had Dennis Waters comparatively worried for a while. (We say comparacomparatively worried for a while. (We say comparatively, because there isn't much that can bother the ex-Marine after his three years as a prisoner of the Japs.) Waters, once an RKO radio actor, was cast for his first screen role in "Crack-up." The night before the filming started he did crack up - in his car.

Edited By Arthur Mielke

Waters shrugged. What was that to him? There was always the bus. On the way to work the bus busted on axle. So he was many hours late, hitchhiking being

what it is these days, and when he got there he was without his job. The director had replaced him.

But like most motion pictures, this Hollywood story has a happy ending. Just as all seemed lost, the director happily learned that not only had Waters been blameless in his tardiness, but that he had been about three years late in getting away from a Jap prison camp. He gave the ex-Marine a bigger and better role than had been originally intended for him.

Stylish Marriage

The former Marine, Frank Sawyer, who was also the bridegroom, was happy about being a civilian. Now for the ease of living — no more barracks, no more

chow lines, no more jeeps, even. Just luxury.

The scene of the wedding was Silver Spring, Md., just outside Washington, D. C., in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-six. There was trouble in buying new automobiles, what with the big strike being on, but the rent-a-car joint had promised to furnish him one for his honeymoon.

Outside the Woodside Methodist Church the sun

Outside the Woodside Methodist Church the sun was so bright that at first Sawyer, with his bride on his arm, couldn't make out much. Then he saw the vehicle waiting for him. It was no jeep. It was worse. "What is it?" he asked his best man.
"A Franklin, 1923 model," said that worthy. "Air-

Counterpull Won

What with all the recruiting publicity going out these days, it's sometimes difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff, so to speak. But here's a yarn

that comes in from Camp Pendleton.
Platoon Sergeant I. D. De Closs of Oceanside, Cal., you would think, would be about as good proof as anyone against the haranguings of recruitment. His job was, as a troop handler in the camp, to guide outgoing Marines from one department to another in their path to the great civilian out-of-doors.

No one can say as to what went through Sgt. De Closs' head during the thousand trips he made be closs the add during the thousand trips he made through the place with the boys. There must have been a mighty tug of war. Until the end of each journey, he listened to nothing but the delighted, verbal anticipations of the civilians-in-embryo. Then, at a certain stop, a counter pull would be exerted, for here a lecture was given on the wonders of rejoining the Corps.

No one can say just how it happened, but one day the hard-throated lecturers won. De Closs, hardly knowing what he was doing, he said, walked up to a recruiting sergeant and got it over with. He just said quietly:

"Sign me up for another three years."

A Happy Fort Worth to You!

It isn't so much what you say, as the way you say it—especially in Japan. Marines there, finding that many of the natives would greet them each day with a cheery "O—hee-o," discovered that the expression had nothing to do with the State of Ohio. It meant "Good morning," and the Americans searched their vocabularies for suitable replies. Being short on Japanese greetings, they soon came up with adapted American phrases, so that a friendly exchange something like this:

something like this:

Japanese, grinning politely: "O—hee-o!"

American, smiling broadly: "San Fran-cees-co!"

Or the Marine may sing out a merry "Dubuque,
Iowa," or "Cleveland, Columbus, Akron," or even a
joyous "Turkey Trot, Texas!"

These things seem to make the Japanese very happy.

And the Marines enjoy them, too. Further proof of this is a story not related to us by Sergeant Fred Rhoads, creator of the comic strip adorning these pages.

Marines in Nagasaki came across a couple of Jap-

anese lads who wanted to get acquainted. The little Nips introduced themselves — and one was Gizmo and the other was Eightball. When they shoved off, Gizmo

and Eightball turned and waved a last, nchalant farewell: 'Umbriago," they called.

Re: Chinese Drills

Chinese fire drills may be very orderly (PI DIs please note), as has been pointed out by several on-the-scenes Marine cor-respondents, but the same definitely cannot be said of the Chinese train schedules.

In fact, one correspondent observed that it's doubtful if they have such things as schedules. Two Marines in Tientsin stepped into

a stationmaster's office and asked the de-parture time of the next train. Given an approximate time (trains there normally run anywhere from an hour to a week

late), the Marines said that they'd go across the street for a cup of coffee. "Take your time," the English-speaking stationmaster called after them. "I'll hold the train for you."



Ex-Marine H. A. McIntyre shows unbelieving Tippy that he's really out. Tippy saw action on the 'Canal, too

Mr. Hitesman entered the Marine Corps in October of 1940 after graduation from Louisiana State University and a brief period in the newspaper business. He came to this magazine in January of 1942, and under his guidance The Leatherneck developed into its present form. He inaugurated the Pacific edition which was circulated throughout the Pacific war areas for 18 months and added such services as the regular distribution of special editions of other magazines, free to Marines, overseas.

Message from a Museum

Japanese cooperation with Marine occupation forces has sometimes proved to be almost too complete.

When Second Lieutenant Jack H. Slayton of Goshen, Ind., and his men took over one town on Kyushu, they were told that a fieldpiece not mentioned in Japanese reports was in the near-by village

Skeptical, but showing the usual caution, Lieut. Slayton sent out a patrol. Several hours later he got the following report:

"Subject weapon was manufactured in 1905. Installation: a museum."

Deep Six

Two thirds of all Jap shipping and a third of the Nips' warship losses were accounted for by our submarines, the Navy Department has revealed. The warship bag was a battleship, four carriers, four escort carriers, three heavy cruisers, nine light cruisers, 43 destroyers, 23 submarines and 189 minor combatant vessels. Grand total was 276 warships.

Not more than a few months after the ambush death of Marine Colonel Frank B. Goettge at the Matanikau on Guadalcanal, a camp on our first big southwest Pacific base, New Caledonia, was named for the former Marine football star. Honors did not stop there, however. A Marine correspondent dispatch reveals that the athletic field adjoining First Marine Air Wing Headquarters at Tientsin, China, also is named for . . .

Marine Sergeant Lena R. Basilone, widow of the late Marine Medal of Honor winner, Gunnery Sergeant John Basilone, recently severed her ties with the Corps. After serving for almost two years as a cook in the Camp Pendleton WR battalion mess hall, she obtained her discharge from that base.

Marine Captain Kenneth Walsh, Medal of Honor winner and downer of 21 Jap planes, is just another Joe in Washington. When he returned to the nation's capital after a furlough, he was assigned to the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. Then he looked for an apartment for himself and his wife and son, Kenneth, Jr.
But, even as you and I—and despite the fact that
he's a native of D. C.—he couldn't get one. Temporarily, he will continue living with his wife's parents,
where she and her children lived while he was overseas.

Practically all Guam turned out for the marriage of former Marine James E. Lummert of Philadelphia and pretty Anna Torres Martinez, one of the island's most popular belles. The ceremony was performed in the island's Catholic cathedral. Lummert, recently discharged, remained on Guam to work for the military government. The couple are living in a native hut while Lummert finishes his job. The bride is the daughter of an island contractor. Continued on page 54

Oldest PI Survivor

Said to be the oldest survivor of "You'll be sorreed PI, is recent dischargee Corporal Edward McManus of

Mac got in his first licks for Uncle Sam while serving with the Sixth Cavalry shortly after enlisting in 1906 during an Indian uprising in the Southwest.

Later he took part in, successively, the Mexican trouble" at Vera Cruz, World War I, and one of the "trouble"

"trouble" at Vera Cruz, World War 1, and one of the several Chinese imbroglios.

He was 57 when PI hit him. Despite his creaky joints, Mac made expert with both the rifle and the pistol on the PI range. Mac allows as how he's had enough of the military. But he's still packing a gun—he has become a civilian guard.

Major Hitesman Debarks

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On December 1, 1945, Major Walter W. Hitesman, Jr., relinquished the editorship of Leatherneck and departed on terminal leave. In April Major Hitesman departed on terminal leave. In April Major Intestinate became Mr. Hitesman, going on inactive status in the Marine Corps Reserve. He has joined the McCall Corporation, and handles sales production work for the big magazine publishing organization.



From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, We fight our Country's battles in the air, on land and sea...



ORLD WAR II has spread the geographical limits of the traditional Marine Hymn. Marine action has been extended from the shores of North Africa to the gateways of Japan, far beyond the "Halls of Montezuma." The names of the hundreds of two-by-four islands and out-of-the-way places Marines have visited since the beginning of the emergency would surprise all laymen

and most Leathernecks.

Britain needed warships in her battle against Germany. The United States, then neutral, provided her with the much-needed equipment in trade for 99-year leases on strategic bases. The units selected to guard these bases were Marines. On January 16, 1941, Marine provisional companies ere organized at Quantico, Va., for duty in the West Indies. Ten days later the Third Provisional Marine Company arrived at Argentia, Newfoundland, to garrison the naval base there. Between then and October, Marines from the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Provisional Companies established garrisons on Tucker's Island, Bermuda; Port-of-Spain, Trinidad; Antigua, Leeward Islands; St. Lucia, Windward Islands; Portland Bight, Jamaica; Georgetown, British Guiana; and Great Exuma, Bahamas, respectively.

On March 15, the Seventh Marine Defense Battalion arrived at the U.S. Naval Station, Tutuila, American Samoa — the first American combat unit to arrive in the South Pacific. Marines under Brigadier General John Marston landed in Greenland in April and later, on July 7, in Iceland. Here the First Provisional Brigade held the western defense sector until relieved by the Army in 1942. The Twelfth Provisional Company, organized by Colonel John Potts, arrived July 2, in London, England, and was attached to the American Embassy under the command of Captain John B. Hill.

With the outbreak of war and the increasing sub-marine menace in the Atlantic, the United States, in cooperation with the Brazilian government, set up air stations on the coast of Brazil. The Seven-teenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Provisional Marine Companies were then sent to Belem, Natal and Recife in December to guard the air facilities.

January 26, 1942, was old home week for many Pats and Mikes of the Marines who were attached to the American Expeditionary Force that landed in Londonderry, North Ireland - the first American troops to land in Europe during this last war.
In May, 1942, Marines aboard the aircraft carrier

Wasp helped ferry several squadrons of British Spitfire fighting planes to the devastated island of Malta in the Mediterranean Sea.

Thirty-six Marines were among the Allied forces that landed on the north coast of Africa, November 8, 1942. Six were assigned duty on the HMS Hartland, whose mission was to lower the boom and open the way into Oran Harbor. Twenty-four went ashore at Arzeu, French seaplane base, and assisted in taking over the ships in the harbor. On November 11, Captain William E. Davis and five Marines captured the town of Mers-el-Kebir on the North African coast - the first American or Allied forces to arrive there.

Ship's detachments on carriers, battleships and cruisers have fought all over the world. In the inva-sion of France, they played an important part as anti-aircraft gun crews. During the invasion southern France, Marine detachments of the USS Augusta and the USS Philadelphia, outnumbered ten to one, landed on the islands of Ratonneau, D'If and Pomeguies in Marseille Harbor. They captured 850 Germans and prevented demolitions from being used on the installations.

Marine garrisons at Dutch Harbor and in the other Aleutians took the brunt of many Jap air attacks in 1942. From Kodiak to Cuba, P.nama



and the Virgin Islands, Marines are the guardians of America's most vital defenses.

Meanwhile, Marines scattered over the 70,000,000 square-mile Pacific battlefield had begun their island march towards Japan. After the fall of American garrisons in China, the Philippines and on Wake and Guam, they began the big offensive.

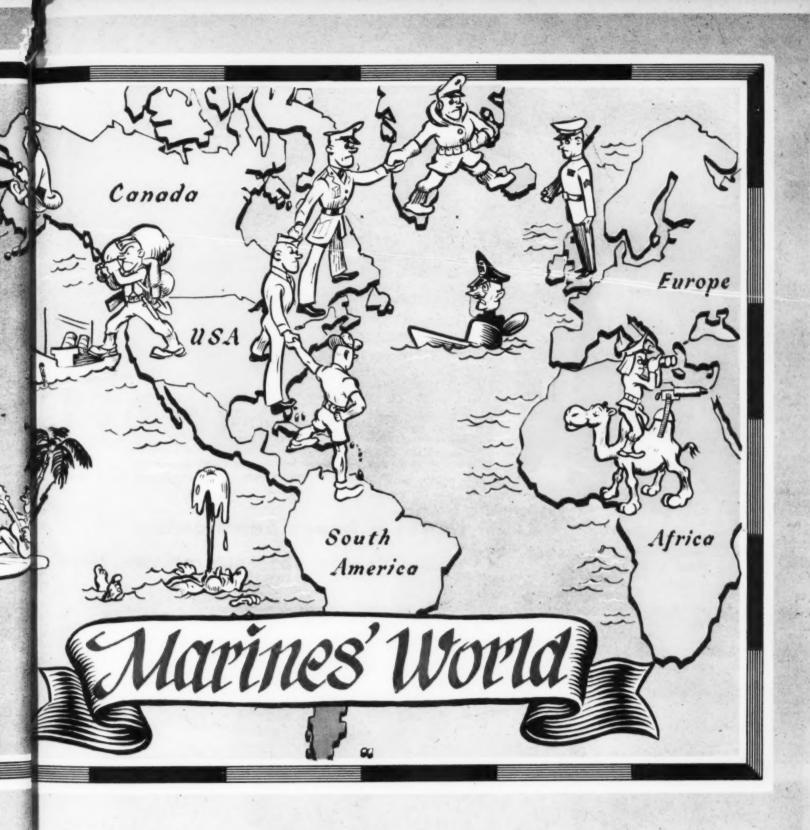
On August 7, 1942, eight months after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the First Marine Division, reinforced, landed on Florida, Tulagi, Guadalcanal and Tanambogo of the Southern Solomon Islands. Marines from Samoa occupied Funafuti in the Funafuti Atoll, strategic island in the Ellice Group, on October 2, 1942. Later, in September, 1943, Nanumea of the northern Ellice Group was occupied, placing American forces 790 miles from Tarawa.

Working from Guadalcanal northward, Marines

seized the Russell Islands. This move was in preparation for the attack in June, 1943, of the New Georgia Islands. By October, the entire New Georgia and Treasury Islands were secured. The next step in the Solomon Islands was the capture of Bougainville by the Third Division in November, 1943

Continuing north through the Solomon Islands, Marines of the First Division landed on both sides of Cape Gloucester, New Britain Island. The capture of Willaumez Peninsula, New Britain, by the Marines, completed the occupation of western New Britain. At the conclusion of this campaign, the Allies had a 200-mile opening in the Japanese defense arc through which they could push north.

The invasion of the Kwajalein and Eniwetok Atolls in the Marshall Islands in February, 1944, constituted the first breach in the Japanese central



Pacific defenses. By seizing the Green Islands and St. Matthias in February and March, Marines completed the Allied ring around the Bismarck Archipelago, which blocked Japanese supply lines and isolated 90,000 enemy troops.

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In June and July, 1944, Marines of the Third and Fourth Divisions landed on Saipan, Tinian and Guam in the Marianas, placing land-based bombers within range of Japan. The landing of the First Division, September 14, on Peleliu in the Palau Islands cut off large Jap garrisons in the Caroline group and isolated 200,000 Jap troops in the Netherlands Indies.

Marines of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Divisions took Iwo Jima in the Volcano Islands February 19, 1945. This placed bombers within 750 miles of Tokyo. The invasion of Okinawa in the Ryukyus

by the First and Sixth Divisions on April 1, 1945, and systematic bombing of Japan completed the destruction of the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere." Japan soon capitulated and on August 30, 1945, the Fourth Marines landed at Futtsu Cape on the eastern shore of Tokyo Bay, opposite Yokosuka. A week later Major General Keller E. Rockey, Third Amphibious Corps, accepted the surrender of all Jap forces in Northern China. Detachments of Marines again occupied Peiping and Tientsin.

The Sixth Division patch, bearing the names Melanesia, Micronesia and Orient, is symbolic of Marine participation in those battles of the Pacific Melanesia is the division of the Pacific whose heart is in the Solomon Islands. Micronesia is the island world lying north of Melanesia and includes the Marianas, Marshall and Caroline groups. The

Orient is that area in the Japanese Islands and on the Asiatic mainland where many Marines are today. When members of this division climbed the heavily fortified Signal Hill overlooking Tsingtao in China, they knew the trip was at an end. For those who had come up and through Melanesia and Micronesia it had been a long one.

Beginning with the defense of Argentia in Newfoundland, and ending with the occupation of Japan and China, Marines have blazed a trail on six continents—fighting, guarding, maintaining order, training and resting. A dozen languages, to say nothing of native dialects, have been spoken in their presence. From the sub-zero northlands to the heatblazed jungles they have maintained their vigil.

PFC LYNN MODRE Leatherneck Staff Writer



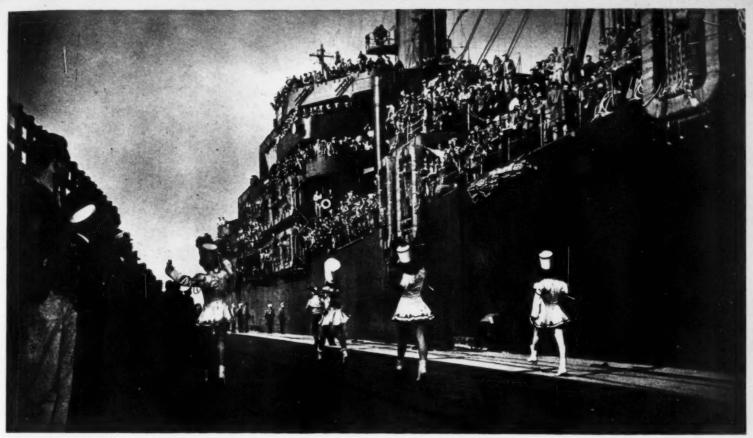
It was a happy homecoming for these Marine veterans of Iwo Jima



"Policing up here, then they land down there. It is sure a fouled-up detail"



Homecoming Marines wait their turn to come ashore. They howl approval of a USO show on the docks, boo a lone MP patrolling the pier and toss Japanese coins to children on hand to welcome them home



San Diego High School sends their band to greet the 28th. Those trim, bare gams of the drum majorettes bring cheers from the troops,

but many have the best welcome of all, awaiting them ashore in the arms of loved ones. Marines of the 28th made history on Iwo Jima

By PFC Leonard Riblett

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

PHOTOS BY BOB WILTON

T THE foot of San Diego's B Street pier, an unhappy Marine was washing away the mud of Sasebo. There was a lot of mud there and all of it was from Sasebo. The mud — an inch or so of it — was from tires of trucks that had been unloaded the day before from the APA26.

The one-man working party was grumbling. Japan was still causing him trouble, even in San Diego. For his money, it wouldn't do to have Jap mud there when men of the 28th Regiment, Fifth Division, were coming ashore in a few minutes.

In front of the huge warehouse that runs the length of the pier, the band from Miramar Air Station was having a jam session. A convoy of trucks was waiting, too, ready to take the home-coming Marines to Camp Pendleton. There were a few civilians and a lot of brass standing around. The USS Goshen, APA108, still was in the channel and

at least half an hour away.

There had been stories in the paper about the return of the 28th Marines. But about the only people excited about it were men of the 28th them-selves — men who, after four days of bitter fighting, had captured 550-foot Mount Suribachi and there raised the Stars and Stripes for a picture that has become famous.

Out in the channel the Goshen was making her way in with majestic but maddening slowness. Circling about her was San Diego's convulsive water

bug, the fireboat Bill Bailey, which was about the only civic reception committee present. A girl on the pier watched the creeping APA and declared, "If my man doesn't hurry up, I'm going to die," as if her man could get out and push. Most of the waiting spectators were more apathetic.

But not the 55 officers and 1380 enlisted men aboard the Goshen. They had been at sea for 18 days and now, home from Japan, they were willing to admit that even San Diego looked good.

When the first line was tossed to the pier, a roar of approval came along with it. There were derisive





Richard and Craig Battison, sons of a sailor, pick up souvenir coins tossed on the dock by men aboard the Goshen. Their mother looks on



These sailors man the lines to get the USS Goshen docked. Then it is time out to greet the wives. They are too busy to give their names



One Marine didn't want Jap mud marring the 28th's arrival at San Diego



First ashore is Ensign William Casho, who slides down a hawser to his wife (shown here with him)

comments when one line missed and dropped into the turgid bay. Then the band, which had been inside the warehouse, was turned loose.

There was bedlam, because stepping smartly ahead of the band were four majorettes from San Diego High School. They were what the men of the 28th made the most of. There had been nothing like that over there. The majorettes' slim and bare legs flashed in unison and the howl from the Goshen drowned the blast of "California Here I Come." About the only time the Marines aboard ship paid any attention to the music was when the band ripped into the Marine Hymn. That they liked.

The routine of debarking helped to settle things topside, but what calmed things the most was the disappearance, after a few more numbers, of the band — and the majorettes. The gangways were being hoisted into place. Still there were a few men aboard who couldn't see waiting. One of these was Ensign William Cash, a Cisco, Tex., fellow, who spotted his wife Helen and slid down a line rather than wait for the more convenient ramp. Right behind him were two swabbies in work clothes.

For the next fifteen minutes they were very busy kissing the girls hello, much to the amusement of men lining the ship's rail.

Horseplay featured the long wait while officers went ashore — horseplay and a USO troupe.

At the other end of the pier, that lone Marine was

At the other end of the pier, that lone Marine was still washing the last of the Jap mud away, sweating to finish his job before the 28th debarked.

The USO troupe was on a sound truck. On the truck was the warning: "Beware of booby traps and fire water," a fair sample of the "welcome home" humor. There were an accordionist and a quartet and one of their songs was "White Christmas." Since this was three days after Christmas and the men aboard were badly disappointed in that they had not reached San Diego on the 25th, as scheduled, a corporal had the right answer when he yelled, "The next one will be white, sister."

After each piece, a shower of Jap money hit the deck and there was a scramble to pick it up.

Marine humor was sparkling. One insisted on shouting, as he tossed a coin, "I've got a yen for you,

babe!" A couple of youngsters, sons of a sailor, had the most fun, and provided the best entertainment, in picking up the coppers. The men aboard ship were afraid the kids would fall into the bay in their scramblings for the money.

It should be mentioned that the long wait to debark was almost without incident. There was nothing more serious than a few choice remarks about an MP who insisted upon driving up and down the pier with his motorcycle. Being outnumbered 1400 to one, he was quite good-natured.

Eventually, the ship's squawker cut loose and Baker company, first to debark, was assembled at the aft ramp. First man off was John Schroepfer, a first sergeant, whose complacent "It's good to be back" was typical of the 28th's studied enthusiasm. The men had been at sea so long and were so tired they didn't feel in the mood for uttering deathless prose.

THIS was a proud bunch. They had had a rough job on Iwo. After 36 fighting days on Iwo, they had returned to a Hawaiian base. Then they had gone to Sasebo. The elements of the 28th aboard the Goshen had run into more trouble on the way home. There had been rough seas. Swells had piled up a good 30 feet high. Once, they had turned off course to search for a ship that had hit a mine.

off course to search for a ship that had hit a mine.

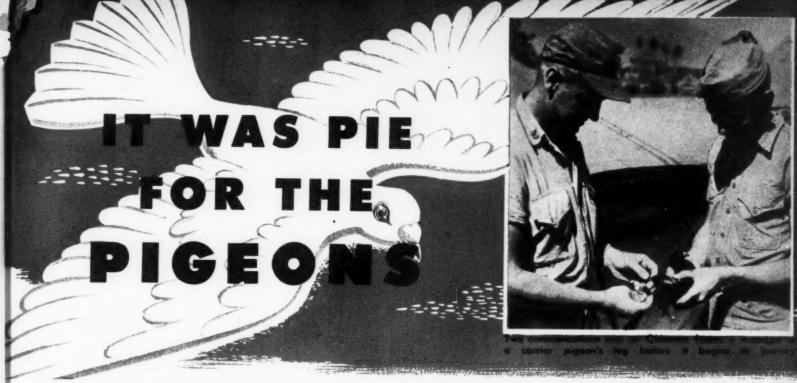
The Marines came off the ship in a hurry, filing into the warehouse where the trucks were waiting. They carried hundreds of souvenirs, including the inevitable samurai swords, flags and snipers' rifles. A pretty girl in black slacks almost caused a jam on the ramp, but no one cared, especially her husband, R. G. Faschine of Baineville, Mont.

In a few moments, the trucks were loaded and the convoy roared out of the warehouse on its way to Pendleton, where liberty and then discharges, were

in store.

The Marine who had washed the Jap mud from the B Street end of the pier was thoroughly PO'd, though, because the men of the 28th had walked the other end of the pier and his efforts were wasted. Absolutely wasted. Now there was mud on both ends of the pier.

F



ACK in the days when it was fashionable to B greet the gentlemen of Japan with a burst from a BAR instead of "Konnichi wa," there was a session of knock-down-drag-out on Pacific Island Paradise No. 17-3, commonly cursed as Okinawa.

As it has been known to happen, it happened. Communications often became a word instead of a system, and it was impossible for the 2nd Wing Headquarters to find out what their left and right hands were doing. There was plenty of modern equipment about. Everything that is advertised in the slick magazines as having won the war. For the purposes of communication with the MAGs there were radio, teletype, telephone and officer messenger, airplanes and jeeps.

But what with the war and weather and all, the radios couldn't establish contact, the teletype machines which were perfect in tests garbled messages, snipers and artillery fire cut the telephone lines, jeeps couldn't get through the muddy roads, and planes were weathered in. All this can happen at once, and usually does. It did.

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About the time the communications people were seriously considering a line of signal drums, some Army people approached Major W. B. Murdock, Wing Communications Officer, and offered to lend

him some surplus carrier pigeons.

Major Murdock is frank in stating that he met the suggestion with the enthusiasm of a small boy who wants a bicycle and is given a pair of short velvet pants with pearl buttons. To him, pigeons were stout birds who hung around courthouses taking crumbs from the people who went in to pay traffic fines. But he was too desperate to refuse. And since the Wing also served as Headquarters for the Tenth Army's Tactical Air Force, it wouldn't have been polite to

During June and July the pigeons were delivered to the Groups from the Wing and back again by aircraft, which may be the first time that air messengers have themselves been delivered by air. Lofts were set up at Wing HQ, and subordinate units located at Chimu, Awase, and the Katchin-Hanto Peninsulá, as well as between the island of Ie Shima and the Okinawa Wing command post near Yontan airfield.

At first there was much joking over the "doggie" bird3, and threats made about pigeon pot pie. But once the birds went to work, they snapped their claws at science by establishing a record of 100 per

cent delivery of all messages entrusted to them.

The Army manual, which Marines used to instruct themselves on how to handle the feathered messengers, puts the average speed of flight at 37 miles per hour. But when the pigeons joined the Corps, they must have heard "I don't want to see you going, I want to see you there!", because the record time for the Chimu run, a distance of 12 miles, is

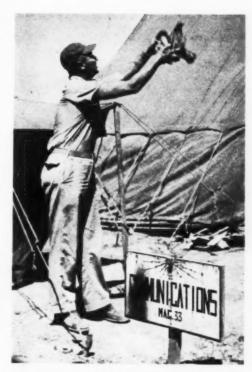
14 minutes — a little better than 50 miles an hour. The pigeons, incidentally, are no boots in the Pacific. At the time of the Okinawa campaign, most of the older birds had from 38 to 40 months overseas.

The point system means nothing to them, as they

are all regulars and in the service for life.

Pigeons, in fact, are the only "soldiers" who are actually born in service. When the little messenger arrives in this world, he has only eight days of semi-civilian life, and on the eighth day he gets a band with his serial number on his right leg, and he is in the service. Two record books are kept on all pigeons.

Planes were grounded on Okinawa – but the pigeons were used to "blind flying" anyway



pigeon is given a boost into the air as starts off on a message-carrying flight

The military profession among pigeons is thus handed down from father to son. "Oscar," who holds the Yontan-Chimu speed record, may, if his record book is inspected, turn out to be the grandson of the bird who holds the Fort Monmouth - Hoboken record — and who is still flying in the Pacific. If one of the pigeons goes over the hill, "Oscar" is bred with some lady speed demon, and pretty soon there is a new recruit. Recruiting duty is said to be as popular

among pigeons as among men.

In addition to the regular one-way pigeons who are taken out to forward posts and sent back to home lofts with messages, the 2nd Wing also had "secret weapon" two-way pigeons. These have two homes, and can fly messages both ways. The secret is to feed them in one place, and water them in another. Since a pigeon, like any other Marine, is always hungry or thirsty, he can be trusted to go straight to the loft where one of the two is located at the other end of the line.

Being a two-way pigeon takes extra work and brains, and only the most intelligent birds are chosen for training. Even so, it takes a year to train a pigeon to be a good two-way bird. After they are trained, two-way pigeons do not associate with the ordinary one-way pigeons, not even for recreation.

The two-way pigeons were operated between the Marine Air Defense Command and Air Warning Squadron 6, located on the Katchin-Hanto Penir sula. The loft at the AWS-6 end of the communication link was operated by Staff Sgt. Charles E. Herndon of Charlottesville, Va., who had never as much as exchanged a civil word with a pigeon before. He won high praise from the Army experts, who said it was the first time a non-pigeoneer had handled the receiving end of a two-way loft. Sgt. Herndon says there's nothing to it, only learning how to handle and care for the pigeons. They do the rest of the

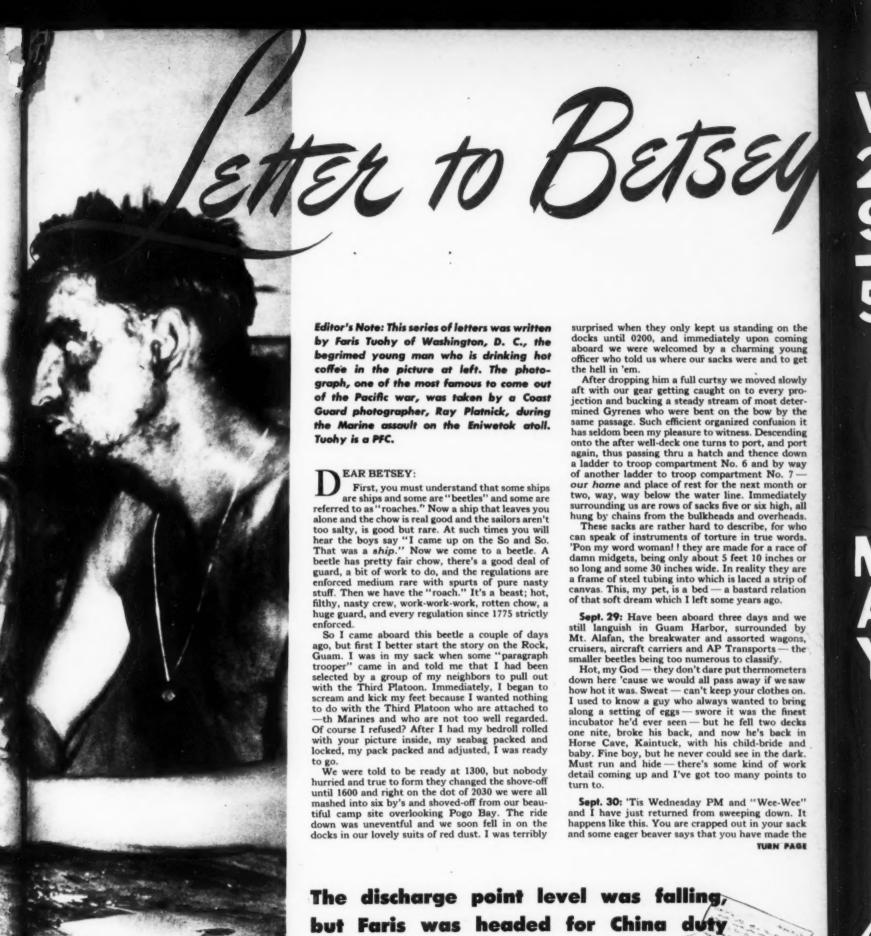
For reliability and security in delivering messages, communications men swear by pigeons, and would rather count on them than any mechanical means when the going gets tough.

Pigeons have their likes and dislikes (maybe pet superstitions). They don't like to fly at night, but they will if they have to. They also dislike flying across water, and will look around for the shortest crossing, even if it means going out of their way. And the greatest insult one pigeon can offer another is to intimate he can't punch his way out of a paper bag. When released from air craft, pigeons are dropped in such a paper bag, to protect them from the slipstream. By the time they fight their way out, they are safe.

Since the use of pigeons on Okinawa was so successful, it may be that they will have a continued career in the Corps. And they do mark the first time that our communications men, plagued by broken wires, jammed radios and foul weather, were really glad to get the bird.

SGT. HENRY FELSEN rneck Staff Corresp





surprised when they only kept us standing on the docks until 0200, and immediately upon coming aboard we were welcomed by a charming young officer who told us where our sacks were and to get

After dropping him a full curtsy we moved slowly aft with our gear getting caught on to every projection and bucking a steady stream of most determined Gyrenes who were bent on the bow by the same passage. Such efficient organized confusion it has seldom been my pleasure to witness. Descending onto the after well-deck one turns to port, and port again, thus passing thru a hatch and thence down a ladder to troop compartment No. 6 and by way of another ladder to troop compartment No. 7 our home and place of rest for the next month or two, way, way below the water line. Immediately surrounding us are rows of sacks five or six high, all hung by chains from the bulkheads and overheads.

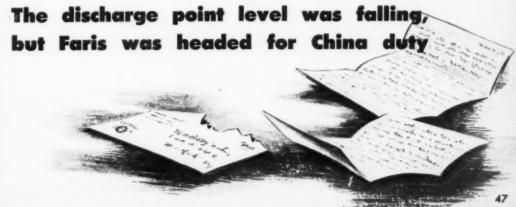
These sacks are rather hard to describe, for who can speak of instruments of torture in true words. Pon my word woman! ! they are made for a race of damn midgets, being only about 5 feet 10 inches or so long and some 30 inches wide. In reality they are a frame of steel tubing into which is laced a strip of canvas. This, my pet, is a bed — a bastard relation of that soft dream which I left some years ago.

Sept. 29: Have been aboard three days and we languish in Guam Harbor, surrounded by Mt. Alafan, the breakwater and assorted wagons, cruisers, aircraft carriers and AP Transports smaller beetles being too numerous to classify

Hot, my God - they don't dare put thermometers down here 'cause we would all pass away if we saw how hot it was. Sweat - can't keep your clothes on. I used to know a guy who always wanted to bring along a setting of eggs — swore it was the finest incubator he'd ever seen — but he fell two decks one nite, broke his back, and now he's back in Horse Cave, Kaintuck, with his child-bride and baby. Fine boy, but he never could see in the dark. Must run and hide — there's some kind of work detail coming up and I've got too many points to

Sept. 30: 'Tis Wednesday PM and "Wee-Wee and I have just returned from sweeping down. It happens like this. You are crapped out in your sack and some eager beaver says that you have made the

TURN PAGE



sweep detail. Ah, misery - but not too bad. You must wait about patiently and you will be rewarded eventually by the squawk box clicking on. Then comes the most God-awful blast of whistle in divers modulated tones and a gruff voice intones as follows:

"Sweepers, man your brooms, clean sweep-down, fore and aft. Sweep down all decks and ladder wells. (Honest, that's the way it goes) only sometimes he says, "Sweepers, start your brooms, etc."

Then you rush to your station and sweep like mad, gathering all trash in a pile. About this time a blast of wind comes along and you start again. Nowadays you can throw this trash over the side and let it float where it may, but in months past it



was necessary to burn it because submarines love to find things floating and then track down transports. Nobody likes this because should you catch tin fish while sleeping in the bowels of the beetle or roach, you can't get out probably, the resulting ex plosion having jammed all hatches and made things a mess generally.

Now we hear over the squawk box the whistle (nothing is done in the Navy without the whistle) and this:

"Now hear this, that special sea and anchor detail stand by to get under way."

At last we are off to China by way of Saipan and Tinian where we hope to pick up fresh chow. We are rushing along at a rousing six knots (per hour) and should put into the aforementioned rocks in the morning's lite.

Oct. 1: And another dreary month's misery checked off the calendar which makes 22 months of overseas duty and that much nearer discharge. The next point drop catches me I hope. We hear the Corps is releasing 8000 per week. Of course we don't believe it, but, well, it helps. The local wise boy has just returned with the latest scoop:

"After we leave China we'll go to India to pick up elephants for Barnum and Bailey Circus."

Today hasn't been good. We came into Saipan this AM and I went ashore for a little while --absolutely against orders. It looks just like any other rock, except it all works up to one mountain instead of several. Getting back aboard was quite a game. The sea was running high and in that case the object is to grab the ladder as it comes down and the Higgins boat goes up. Then latching on with your hands you push up with your feet in hopes that the next wave doesn't bring the boat up and knock you off. There were several brass in the load and all troops lined the rails trusting that Father Neptune would knock at least one of them off into the deep, but some days it doesn't pay to try and have any fun, 'cause the old goats hung on like a good end.

Oct. 2: I didn't get up for breakfast because they had beans. Can you imagine? It's an old Navy custom — beans on Wed. and Sat. AM. They will have abandon ship drill soon and we must all rush topside and make like an accident.

They build these boats on the theory that no one feet 10 inches will ever get on and ride. Thus all overhead clearances are built to scale and my passage in any direction is just one knock and bump after another. Naturally a lot of pressure is built up this way and something must give.

It still rains and carries on, with a good big sea running. The old scow is about two miles off the island, rocking in a beautiful ground swell that has a number of people quite ill. I'm too salty of course to be bothered the least. (Just doesn't bother me

We are supposed to shove off this PM. Don't know whether we stop at Okinawa or go on to China. We have been reading a pamphlet put out to us dealing with the way to arrest people and whatnot. There are supposed to be seven different nationali-ties there and I guess there will be trouble with all of them.

Oct. 3: Today is another yesterday and this writing finds me flat on my back in my sack, bare as a bird. I must say it's a lot cooler as we are plowing thru one rainstorm after another sailing into setting sun, if there were a sun. This writing upside down is quite novel to say the least and very comfortable.

Same day: Well; we have just been given the word. We will land in seven or eight days. The captain said there will be no fraternization, no entering either public or private houses.

It seems there is a big distillery there and several hotels - Standard Oil and General Electric, also a race track. Also a slew of armed Nips and various other hostile factions. All in all, it promises to be most gay. All hands are having high hopes that they will lower the points about the time we get there. Cross your fingers. Nite.

Oct. 4: Thou shalt not eat, thou shalt not drink. Above all thou shalt not consort with the local wenches. All these don'ts and many more have just been given us by the good company CO. Also a long list of divers horrid deaths and ailments which abound in Shantung Province has been delivered by some doctor here on ship. He seemed quite thrilled by the fact that he was the first one to tell us of the two new venereal diseases which are supposed to be there. All in all, it was very clubby and we enjoyed it no end.

Hot rumor has it that points have been lowered again. Though how such stuff gets to us when we have been at sea two or three days is beyond me. It's always good to hear. We are not due in Chefoo until 10th or 11th so we are ahead of time and therefore the convoy is roaring along at nine knots just killing time. I'm in no hurry.

The nights are getting very cool already and I hate to think of us living up there in tents with the snow flying. They insist we live in tents because we might catch the "Old Joe" or something if we took over a hotel. They have shot me so full of various germs and assorted rot that all the little demons are

fighting for living room in this weary rack of bones.

If I smoke my pipe thru by that time the fresh water should be on and after a shower it will be time for chow. Meat loaf tonite and very bad I hear.

Later: The meatloaf was extra foul, the fresh water didn't come on. At least I got a smoke. They are issuing a unit of fire for all hands. That's ammunition to you, baby. I must draw a few clips for my rifle and see if I can round up some 45 shells for my

We have been chosen to dart in and clear the dock and water front areas of all persons and to see how we will be received generally. I'm forced to say that I shall be most tactful with the good citizens. I've got too many points to be taken off the active list at this late date.

I'm most lonely. I don't know anyone on this roller coaster. Feeling sorry for myself. There's only some 1308 other Marines aboard.

Hi-Ho. I'm off to the games in which I'm about 60 bucks behind. Bad, bad.

Oct. 5: Hey baby, I'm a civilian (almost). Oh appy days. The cads woke me up this AM by happy days. waving this bit of paper in my face. Now if we can just get some transportation out of China. Can't even guess when I'll be home but it can't be too long.

It will be a 20 or 25-day trip to the west coast, but damn, I'd ride a Higgins boat back. It's not that I don't like to travel and buzz around, it's just that I



want to get away from the service life. I'd like to come back to China some day and do it without benefit of roll call and other military games

I'm forced to attend another lecture on Chefoo. This is getting dull.

Oct. 6: Everybody that has the necessary points to start the long road back is very excited. We hope that they don't foul up our records in a manner which they love to do. If these same records can be found easily and the situation looks as if they might spare us (there's a lot of us) we might even go back on the same ship. Nobody can decide whether it's a good thing that the division is split up. If we have to wait while the word goes back to Guam for official okay, that's bad.

Have heard some cheery lads forecast a landing at San Diego Strand about the 10th of April, but sounds a little early if I'm any judge of present policy. Due for a landing next Sunday. Hope everything is smooth. It's too late to have to knock off any more civilians. Everybody is some weary with having to blast somebody you aren't even sure is fighting the war. It happens lots of times because the boys don't know who's who. Must start to look at the bright side of things.

Going to try and get that bath I've been after for

some three days. Mighty crowded.

Oct. 9: I've been doing my usual trick and letting days slip by without writing. For the last 48 hours I've been engaged in a poker game that broke up for eats only. Haven't been doing so good but the game's broken now because it is time for debarkation

We are well up in the Yellow Sea and it's rough and cold. After two years in the tropics, all hands are feeling the cold. This AM I went topside in all my heavy clothes and was still cold. We got about three minutes of snow and everybody cheered like crazy. My hands are so cold they are stiff. It's a

funny feeling.

Down around Guam the water is a faint green color, looks almost transparent and sort of soft. I noticed as we went north the water began to change and as we got into the East China Sea it lost the soft look and became harder and rougher. Two days ago with a fair chop running it got the color of Wedgewood with dark blue waves capped with white. That nite we got the typhoon warning and the sea really began to kick up. I'd never seen it rougher. The waves broke over the bow and swept everything before them. We lost two life rafts off the fantail. They put up life lines and you could hardly stand on deck.

The two destroyer escorts with us would go all the way out of sight twice a minute. Standing on the

rail you could see a wave coming and when it was right in front of you, it blocked out the rest of the convoy. You could see nothing but water high over your head. That was the worst I'd seen, but to-day is worse yet. We made a turn and are taking the sea on our starboard quarter. She goes way up, waits a second, drops and waits, sweeps all the deck. Then

she waits in the trough and wallows rough ride and lots of boys seasick. I'm still holding

up pretty well.

Got our unit of fire and "K" rations (damn them). We go over the side tomorrow and will see what the score is. We have our instructions to deal with only four banks. The rest are crooked. The rate of exchange changes every day and the black market out of this world. You must drink no booze or water because it is all loused up with cholera.

I'll mail this just as soon as they have mail service set up there. I'll have to find a big envelope.

This is it. The big day. I must confess that I'm somewhat excited because I've heard so much about

I got up this AM and went topside. I could see mountain ranges in the distance. All ships were in single file with a new battle cruiser in the lead and a DE alongside. The water is actually tinted with a yellow cast. We passed several naked hunks of rock on either side. We could see a double line of row boats and we started down thru them.

Everything seems to be well planned. Somebody, our agents I guess, have sent the little boats out here. Can see Tsingtao in the distance. (Can't get into

Chefoo yet).

We can see at least four buildings that are six stories high, a church, a walled compound at the far right of town. Such mountains you never saw, all up and down. The town is built at the base of the big range. Clouds are covering the top of the hills and our planes are ducking in and out. We have a complete air cover. It's a pretty looking place from here.

Haven't time for any more, must get set to go off. Set all clocks back two hours. Tallyho.

Friday: I don't know what the story is. We are still aboard ship and at a place called Tsingtao. It's a big city — 600,000 people. Seems that the Red Army (China) doesn't want us at Chefoo or something. Don't understand. I believe they will put us off tomorrow.

I'll try and mail this now if I can get a stamp.

Love Always.

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THE CHERUB

By PFC Al Hurwitz

USMO

ER eyes were tiny jet-black slits in a round porcelainsmooth face and her hair was as black as midnight on the lines after you've shot your last flare. We found her in the mouth of a cave, snuggled up against the cold corpse of her mother. Naval shelling hadn't left much of the woman, but the "Cherub," being not quite four years old, hadn't had time to fret over it.

It was Spaulding who christened her "Cherub." Big, clumsy Spaulding, who begged to carry her, even though his broad back already slumped beneath the weight of his mortar. The hills of Okinawa can be hard on a jeep, much less a man, and with our last bit of motorized communication shut off, it was immediately voted that King company, First Marines, adopt the Cherub as a temporary mascot, until we were relieved and could escort her back to the civilian compound. We didn't bother to consult the officers — but then our CO was up ahead and there was no use in courting opposition until the time came.

When we were finally dug in for the night, the word got around that our platoon had a mascot, and the boys began paying their respects as soon as they'd disposed of evening chow. Stalowski and his machine-gunners contributed half a Jap blanket to protect her from the sharp chill of the night, and the mortars offered her half a chicken one of them had been toting since Sobey. This was quite a sacrifice, because for the first time we were living in the historic tradition of the soldier — foraging from the land, and mixing freshly killed shoats and leathery chickens with our meager C rations.

The Cherub took it all in her stride—much as the baby Jesus must have accepted the myrrh and frankincense from the Wise Men. Bartolli, the company artist, was on hand to do several sketches of her and he facetiously titled them "Cherub Eating K Ration," "Cherub a le Bains" (relaxing beneath a cascade of water gushing from a helmet), and "Pastorale" or "Cherub Snuggled Up Against A Stray Goat."

"I'm warning you guys," said Bartolli, as his pencil darted over the paper, "you won't see this in *Life* Magazine, *Leatherneck*, or even the downtown galleries, but my girl will get a kick out of it, and besides, I need the practice."

When darkness suddenly descended on us and the last hotbox was extinguished, "Arky" Saunders and I began to make brief preparations for the night. I tied the Cherub's kimono a little tighter, wrapped her in my flannel shirt, then rolled the whole business in the Jap blanket, making a warm, shapeless little bundle that fit very conveniently between Arky and myself. Arky began crooning "The Lonesome Lover of Green Valley" to her, and I began a faltering version of "Somebody Loves Me," but our efforts were unnecessary. The Cherub was breathing evenly, sleeping like an angel.

It felt funny to get the cramps from not moving for fear of waking someone, and I was glad when my watch rolled around. It was blacker than seven kinds of midnight and the breeze that whipped up over the hill was far from restful. I found myself wishing the Japs would bide their time — at least until our charge was stored away in the compound.

When dawn rolled around, the Cherub had been up for an hour, and seeing her trot around clad only in her flimsy kimono made me even colder than I was. I turned in the opposite direction, pulled the whole poncho over me so Arky would think I was still

asless aid waited for him to yell for me to "Get the lead out" and help him cook breakfast. I didn't have to wait long. It took a lot of guts to hop out of that warm ditch, but that's the stuff Marines are made of, they tell me, so I found myself hopping about, shivering as if I'd just been fished from the Bering Straits.

Breakfast was as usual. The Joe was greenish-black, with a few cubes of sugar to cut the bite of it. The crackers were heated and there was a brief debate as to whether or not the Cherub should be allowed to eat the pogey-bait. Arky and I belong to two different schools of thought, so to avoid friction we split the candy

three ways.

About the time we were finished and had begun thinking about opening our noon rations, Lieutenant Hitchens called for a morning patrol. Arky volunteered because he thought the exercise would keep him warm, and before he left I gave him complete instructions as to what souvenirs we could use. The Cherub needed clothes, I wanted a Jap raincoat and all of us could use some saki. He took my Tommy gun without asking, plus my one full canteen of water, and was gone till late afternoon. When he returned, he had three kimonos, a burial urn, a Japanese textbook on physics with footnotes in German, but no raincoat and no saki. We argued a bit about that, then went to see Weaver, who had the only sewing kit in the outfit and who was reputed to have a vague knowledge of the whys and wherefores of tailoring.

"Good God," he said, surveying the Cherub and a kimono that would have dragged on Spaulding. "Good God," he repeated, 'you don't want much, do you?"

"How much do you want?" I parried, wishing I'd taken a greater interest in business administration while at college.

"The flowered blue one," he said quickly.

I struck home with "It's a deal," and Weaver immediately began to make with the scissors. The sudden addition of a ladies' haberdashery department appealed to our sense of the bizarre and presently we were surrounded by skeptics, would-be humorists, and several of the new corpsmen, who felt more like outsiders than ever. The usual round of remarks began.

PERSTEIN, whose father ran a tailor shop in Orange A.N. J., essayed a suggestion or two regarding the cut of the sleeves, but he was quickly overruled. Because he was chief runner, we associated him only with working parties, guard rosters and head details.

One of Stalowski's machine gunners commented on the futility of a brassiere, but said "Black lace skivvies wouldn't look bad

at all."

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Forrester, the gunny, arrived on the scene and as usual merely wanted to know "Wadda hell's goin' on?" When he saw for himself, he declined even to make a cutting remark, probably because this situation wasn't covered in the Landing Force Manual.

The officers grinned condescendingly, as if to say, "If only Elaine could see what great big kids my men really are," and Lieut. Hitchens even offered us a safety pin that held together

the lower half of his fly.

Finally, the moment arrived. We stripped the Cherub to try on Weaver's first "creation." The sight of her plump, rounded little body was greeted with a broadside of whistles, hoarse laughter



and remarks leaning definitely toward the bawdy. The gown, however, was a complete if somewhat misshapen success, and even Alperstein grudgingly congratulated Weaver. Marines never stop marveling at their versatility and the Cherub's new kimono did more for our morale than some solid scuttlebutt regarding a prolonged tour of "Liberty Port."

Now, understand this about our relationship to the Cherub. Reams could be written about her own diminutive person. Her ways were cunning and delightful because they were the naive, unpredictable ways of children-and cherubs, I suppose. But the real portrait of the Cherub lay in her effect on the men, and it's hard to say which view was more diverting, and at times, more amusing.

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The Clown Type. With those mossy gags, people wonder what makes him the life of the party. Then they see him smile. And they stop wondering. The guy is gleamingly effective. And, incidentally, if your smile isn't as dazzlingly useful . . . or your tooth brush "shows pink". . . see the dentist. Today's soft foods may be robbing your gums of exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



The Sleepwalker Type. He doesn't do anything. He just gleams. He starts gleaming and the dolls start dreaming. Of course, there's a lot of Ipana in that gleam. Sleepwalker knows Ipana's specially designed, not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums. And that means sounder, brighter teeth. Try Ipana, Chum.



Pfc. Casanova-













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THE CHERUB (continued)

From the moment she swathed her body in Weaver's kimono, a not-too-subtle change transfused the rowdy, horsy, bickering ranks of King company. It was all our local wits needed to touch off the divine spark. Conversation took on the aspects of a better-than-average Hollywood script, and our language, though laundered, still sparkled with gallantry. We were transformed not only into actors, but audience as well, and the Cherub, chattering and singing with the rest of us, acted as a willing director and coordinator.

"Call it love," said Spaulding, as he coaxed the last spoonful of meat and beans down her throat. "Call it anything you like, but she's for me."

"I wish I knew how to take that," I said, rubbing the last of

the flea powder into the crotch of my trousers.

"It's all open and above board," he grinned. "Jerry—that's my brother—has a kid just about the Cherub's age and could be that she brings me a little closer to home."

"I know what you mean," I said, hoisting up my britches, "and after the war you intend to begin raising a slew of them yourself."

By now, he was wiping the Cherub's mouth and beginning to dress her for bed. When we were squared away and comfortably gnawing on our corncobs, I asked him a question that had been on my mind for some time.

"Spaulding," I said, "do you think the Cherub's the answer to

"I don't get you," he said, adjusting her position on his lap and gently disengaging his dog tags from her.

"Let me put it this way. If we take to the Cherub without any scruples, could it be that at least in the beginning all mankind is good? Why couldn't she grow up into a sadistic, international murderess like her guardians — or is just the male sex a bunch of sons-of-bitches?"

"You're making it sound very complicated — isn't he?" This aside to the Cherub who gave him one of her thousand-yen smiles and gleefully beat on his thumb with her tiny fists.

We kept on talking for awhile. For a minute, I tried to read a meaning into the striking contrast between Spaulding's horny, calloused mitts and the Cherub's diminutive hands. I didn't seem to be getting any place, so gave up the struggle and crawled in beside Arky.

"Don't wait up for us," said Spaulding.

"She's all yours," I sighed, and curled up as best I could—and forgot about the war.



"Glad to see you back in civvies again, Chief"

When your hat style isn't new...

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WE THE MARINES (continued from page 39)

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A book entitled "Fighting Marine Divisions" will make its appearance on the book mart this month. The volume, bound in green cloth, will have a foreword by the Commandant and

a color plate of insignia of the Marine Divisions.

Portions of the book were written by Technical Sergeant George McMillan (First Division) of Aiken, S. C.; Second Lieutenant C. Peter Zurlinden, Jr. (Second Division) of Rocky River, Ohio; Master Technical Sergeant Alvin M. Josephy (Third Division) of Washington, D. C.; Master Technical Sergeant David Dempsey (Fourth Division) of New York City; Master Technical Sergeant Keyes Beach (Fifth Division) of Akron, Ohio; and Technical Sergeant Herman Kogan (Sixth Division) of Chicago, III. End papers and dust cover illustra-tions were drawn by a Marine artist, Master Technical Sergeant Elmer Wexler of New York City.

All the authors are Marine Corps combat correspondents who served with the divisions they write about in one or more

campaigns.

Iwo Float

Even in the Tournament of Roses, the Marines have the situation well in hand, for Pasadena's coveted Challenge Cup was won by a floral masterpiece that received the greatest ovation of any float in 57 years of Rose parade history of the flag raising on Mount Suribachi.

There were more spectacular entries, and entries far more costly, but none caught the imaginations of the million and a half spectators as did the reproduction in flowers of that now

On the wind-tossed flag were thousands of scarlet poinsettia petals, white sweet peas and blue delphiniums. Pompons were stapled to the float's wooden frame, then enveloped by shrubbery. to obtain the color and ruggedness of that squat and ugly peak. In all, 200,000 flowers were used.

The float, which was the entry of Pasadena's American Legion Post No. 13, was started last September by Arthur Robinson, a Navy man in World War I. It was 35 feet long and 12 feet wide. Theme of the parade, which was the first held in five years, was "Victory, Peace and Unity." The flag raising represented the "Victory," theme required; "Unity" was pictured by a floral reproduction of the Earth, across which was a ribbon with the word "Peace."

Like all other parade entries, the Suribachi float was exceed-

ingly accurate.

Take the question of scale, for instance. To preserve proportion, none of the six men who were to ride the float could be more than five feet, six inches tall. Furthermore, they had to stop shaving four days before New Year's - because the flag was raised after four days of battle - so it can be said the float was accurate right down to the last whisker.

The frame for the float, which was mounted on a 1931 Oldsmobile, was built the week before Christmas by George Allin, an engineer in the Pasadena Water Department. Sheet metal was used as a base for the flag; wood and wire made up the rest of the frame. The automobile, of course, was hidden, so the plans called for a peephole in the front in order that one man leaning across the hood could tell the car's driver where to go.

New Year's Eve, usually a night of gaiety, was for Robinson and a dozen others a night of very hard and tiresome work. Flowers making up the flag had to be glued to the sheet metal, and where the float had a wood backing each petal had to be stapled in place. Stems of each of the 200,000 flowers used had to be removed before being glued or stapled, as boring a task as the best EPD ever devised by a sergeant major. The job was begun at 1830 and completed at 0400, five hours before parade

Cost of the float was only \$2500, while expenses on some of the others ran as high as \$12,000 and had the added attraction of beauteous ladies in fetching poses and little clothing.

The men who posed on the float wore Marine battle dress exactly as shown in the flag raising picture. They were schooled in their positions down to the last bend in the knee. Theirs was no easy task, either, for they held their positions half an hour



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at a stretch. Then they alternated positions to lessen fatigue. They were on the float, which traveled at between five and ten miles per hour in low gear, for slightly more than two hours.

The Challenge Cup, won by the Suribachi float, is the highest award for which any Pasadena entry is eligible. A lot of people thought the Iwo float should have been awarded the Sweepstakes and everything else offered, but the rules precluded all but the Challenge Cup.

There were a lot of 28th Regiment men watching the parade. (It was men from the 28th who took Suribachi.) They had returned Stateside on 28 December, debarking at San Diego from the USS Goshen. They were pretty pleased - and proud when the float passed.

Indeed, comedian Bob Hope said the float was so realistic that a Pasadena traffic officer thought he saw two Jap snipers when it turned into Tournament Park.

Story Reunites Family

Credit Marine Corps Public Information with an assist on this one:

When the Marines returned to Peking, China, after their four year wartime absence, they took over their old barracks and immediately set up a guard at the gate. Minutes after the guard took post, he was approached by a pretty, young occidental woman. She was carrying a young boy.

"Do you know my husband, James P. Somers, of Memphis, Tenn.?" she asked. "He was a Marine stationed here before the war. When the Japs came he was taken prisoner. I haven't heard from him for years - since he was taken over to Japan from Shanghai."

The sentry didn't know him, nor did any of the other Marines at the barracks. But Correspondent Tom Moore, attached to the outfit, hit on the idea of sending a story on the woman back to America in the hope that her husband might see it.

The wheels turned. The story, with a picture of the woman



J. P. Somers, holding her son Michael, asks sentry William Piel, New York City, if he knows the whereabouts of her husband

and her child, arrived at the news desk of the Public Information division. Here it was learned, after some investigation, that the husband, Corporal James P. Somers, had been freed from a prison camp on one of the Jap main islands, had been returned to America and was now in the Naval Hospital at Memphis.

A wire was sent to him and simultaneously the story was released to the wire services. With his wire Somers got a wire photo of the picture of his wife and boy. The photo had been wired to Memphis and sent immediately to the hospital. He immediately contacted his wife. He hadn't heard from her in over three years.

She was a Russian refugee. She met and married Somers while the latter was serving with the Marine guard at the embassy at Peking. Their son Michael was born shortly before Pearl Harbor.



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5—Turawa Operation
☐ 6—Tarawa Operation
7-Guern Operation
□ 8—Kwajalein Operation
9-Eniwetek Operation
☐ 10—Tinian Operation
11—New Georgia Operation
12—Peleliu Operation
13—Peleliu Operation
14—Bougainville Operation
☐ 15—Iwe Jime Operation
☐ 16—Okinawa Operation
17—Okinawa Operation
☐ 18—Air Activities
19—Combat Engineers
20-Tunks in Action
21-Amtracs in Action
22—Marine Cometeries
23-Communications in Action
24-Women's Reserve Activities
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CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties released to the press from 1 January 1946, through 18 February 1946. The following men were previously reported Missing and their status has now been officially changed to Dead:

DEAD FROM MISSING

ALABAMA

BATES, W. C. Patrick, PFC BRASFIELD, William L., Pvt. HURST, Aaron M., Pvt.

ARIZONA

BLACK, Billy M., PFC JOHNSON, George R., Corp. KNIGHT, John J. Jr., 1st Lt.

ARKANSAS

BAKER, Hadley V. Jr., 2nd Lt. BRADEN, John L. Jr., 1st Lt. McCAMEY, Ralph D., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

ADAMS, Charlea B., Pvt.
BARTL, Harry R., 1st Lt.
BERRY, Alexander R., 1st Lt.
BROWN, Edward T., 1st Lt.
BROWN, Edward T., 1st Lt.
BRYANS, Charles E., 2nd Lt.
CARREA, Harvey F., Capt.
CARTER, Harvey F., Capt.
CLOAKE, Wallace H., Major
DWYER, Charles M., 1st Lt.
FFOULKES, Bruce Jr., Capt.
GARRETSON, James B., PFC
GLENN, Roy F. Jr., Pvt.
GOODBERLET, William F., Pvt.
HANSEN, Arthur N., SSgt.
HENCH, John D., Capt.
JOHNSON, Frederick K., SSgt.
KEIFER, Karl C., Pvt.
KING, Jack, 2nd Lt.
LARSON, Charles L., 1st Lt.
MADDOX, William C., 2nd Lt.
MADDOX, William C., 2nd Lt.
MOORE, Earl N., 1st Lt.
MOORE, Earl N., 1st Lt.
SHULER, James V., PFC
MOORE, Earl N., 1st Lt.
SHULER, SALL, Bernard E., 1st Lt.
SHULE, Claude F., Pvt.
SKILLICORN, Donald K., 1st Lt.
STALKER, Leo H. Jr., Pvt.
STANDISH, Walter, GySgt.
WINNIA, Charles C., 1st Lt.

COLORADO

MILLER, Neal L., PFC NISWONGER Duel L., Corp.

CONNECTICUT

GOING, Arthur P., SSgt. RUMLEY, Edward P., Corp. SANTOMASSO, Edmund S., SSgt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA GRIFFIN, Gerald N., MTSgt.

FLORIDA

BRUBAKER, James E., 1st Lt. BRUSA, Sandro J., Corp. MAYBERRY, Walter T., 1st Lt. MULLEN, William H., WO PLUNK, James E., Corp.

GEORGIA

AVERA, William H., Corp. CRAIG, Joseph III, 1st Lt. HARVLEY, John D. Jr., 1st Lt. LASSITER, Charles P. Jr., 1st Lt.

CASPER, William L., Corp.

ILLINOIS

ILINOIS

BOROSKI, John F., PFC
FREEMAN, Thomas J., SSgt.
GOALBY, Frank, Corp.
HERRMANN, Robert W., PFC
INGELS, Charles L., 1st Lt.
KINNICK, Benjamin G., 1st Lt.
KILINGER, Leonard G., Corp.
LEDBETTER, Arthur V., PFC
McGARR, Albert W., 2nd Lt.
PETERS, Elwood D., 2nd Lt.
PETERS, Elwood D., 2nd Lt.
SCHROEDER, Henry W., PFC
SCHROEDER, Henry W., PFC
SEIBERT, Jesse P., PPC
WALLEN, Richard T., Pvt.

INDIANA

CASSADAY, William R., Pvt. EWING, Robert T., Capt. FOSTER, Laban L. Jr., Corp. KOCHUT, Mike, 2nd Lt.

IOWA

KADLEC, Joseph, Pvt.

GRAY, James D., Pvt. HERMAN, James R., 2nd Lt. ROBBINS, James W., 1st Lt. ROBINSON, Max K., 1st Lt.

KANSAS

KENTUCKY HIGHT, Clyde B. Jr., Sgt. KNOP, John W., PFC

LOUISIANA

BARROW, Floyd W., Pvt. FALGOUT, Cleo J., 1st Lt. GEORGE, Marion E., PFC HARGRAVE, Dunice, PFC PAINTER, Stephen W. Jr., 1st Lt.

MAINE

HUGHES, John D., SSgt. NEDIK, Tony A., SSgt.

MARYLAND

FIELD, Philip, 1st Lt.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOROWSKI, Edward F., PFC BROOKS, Charles E., 1st Lt. PARROW, Richard L., PFC RICHARD, Leo R., Corp. WALSH, John T., PFC

MICHIGAN

ALBRECHT, Edward A., PFC
ALLEN, Lavern K., PFC
AMO, Glenn J., 2nd Lt.
BARNA, James G., PFC
BARNA, James G., PFC
BARNEY, Dwight M., Sgt.
BENNETT, George C., 1st Lt.
BISCHOP, Robert E., 1st Lt.
BISCHOP, Robert J., Sgt.
DOYLAN, Robert J., Sgt.
DARE, Douglas L., PFC
GOTCHLING, Charles A. Jr., TSgt.
HARPER, David J. S., Pvt.
HAZEN, Glenn E., Pvt.
HAZEN, Glenn E., Pt.
HORTON, Leonard A., PFC
PUTNAM, Frank G., 1st Lt.

MINNESOTA

BAIRD, Owen R., 2nd Lt. BRINDOS, Roger H., 1st Lt. HEDLUND, Lee H., Corp. MILLER, Homer E., PFC PATET, Arthur Jr., 2nd Lt. SWEENEY, Frank T., 2nd Lt.

MISSISSIPPI

BECK, Oree C., ACk. BECKETT, Robert A., PFC BLOUNT, Newton B., Capt. HILL, Earl D., Capt.

MISSOURI

BERNASEK, Albert C. Jr., Pvt. FAULKNER, Lawrence M., Capt. SCHMITT, Milton W., Pvt. STEWART, Harold R., 2nd Lt. WHITELEY, Earle B., 1st Lt.

MONTANA

CLUZEN, Bernard S., Major MORTAG, Daniel K., 1st Lt. THOMPSON, Gordon E., 2nd Lt.

WHITTEN, James A., PFC

NEW HAMPSHIRE STARK, Stanley G., Sgt.

NEW JERSEY

ASHMUN, George M., Capt. BENSON, George Y., PFC DILKS, Robert L., 2nd Lt. DOHERTY, Marron, Pvt. DORSETT, Robert M., 1st Lt. FOX, Robert H., PFC MADVAY, Edward, 1st Lt. SHERWOOD, Kenneth S., 1st Lt.

NEW MEXICO

BUSTAMANTE, Joseph Q., Sgt. WASHBURN, Robert C., Corp.

NEW YORK

BAUER, Harold W., Lt. Col. BELLANCA, Dominic F., 1st Lt. COHEN, Edward B., 1st Lt. COONLEY, Howard M., 1st Lt.

DAY, Richard M., Major
FITZGERALD, John J. P., 2nd Lt.
PREELAND, Charles R., PFC
GABACCIA, Felix, Sgt.
GOLDEN, Harold H., PFC
LANDON, Nathaniel R. Jr., 1st Lt.
LIGHT, Charles P., Corp.
REILLY, Jeremiah M., PFC
THOMANN, Jack B., PFC
THOMPSON, Robert S., 2nd Lt.
WELLS, Paul C., 1st Lt.
WOOD, Cornelius T., SSgt.

NORTH CAROLINA CAMERON, Donnelly C., Sgt. CULLER, Fred L., PlSgt.

NORTH DAKOTA

DUSTIN, J. Cameron, Capt. REICHERT, John R., 2nd Lt.

BREWER, Charles S., PFC DeVAUGHN, Jack B., 1st Lt., DEY, Harrold E., Corp. GRATZ, Homer Jr., 2nd Lt. GRAVES, Richard R., 1st Lt. McSAVANEY, John S., PFC STOWE, Harrold F., Sgt. WHISENAND, Owen D., PFC

OKLAHOMA

BENNETT, Nyal H., Corp. KENDRICK, Arlando W., PFC MALONE, Aubrey K., PFC MILLER, Gerald R., 2nd Lt. PERKINS, John C. Jr., 2nd Lt. SLOCUM, Jim E., PFC

OREGON

HUMBLE, Ray K., PFC McGINNIS, Neal D., Corp. VAUGHAN, Houston A., FMSgt.

PENNSYLVANIA

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op

BUCHHEIT, John J., Pvt. ROSE, John R., Corp. SARAFIAN, Haig, PFC TUNNELL, John W., 1st Lt.

RHODE ISLAND FARRELLY, John F., Sgt.

SOUTH CAROLINA McCOWN, Marion R. Jr., Capt.

TENNESSEE

FARLEY, Walter J., PFC JONES, Robert C., MTSgt.

TEXAS

IEXAS

BISHOP, Viva A., Corp.
BLACK, James P. Jr., 1st Lt.
CAMPBELL, William T., Major
CARNAGEY, Pierre M., Major
DAVIS, George D., Pvt.
FITZPATRICK, Jay B. Jr., Corp.
FRITZSCHING, Richard L., PFC
HARRELL, Dero H. Jr., PFC
HARRESON, Allan S. III, 1st Lt.
KEMPER, Guy H., 1st Lt.
KEMPER, Guy H., 1st Lt.
LEACH, Jesse M. Jr., 1st Lt.
LEACH, Jesse M. Jr., 1st Lt.
MOORE, Donald J., 1st Lt.
MOORE, Donald J., 1st Lt.
RATIN, Leo A., 2nd Lt.
MOORE, David H., Pvt.
REED, Reuben W., Sgt.
ROBERSON, P. M. Jr., Corp.
VAUGHN, Warren E., 2nd Lt.
WILL, Percy L., 1st Lt.

UTAH

ADAMS, Claude D., Corp.

WASHINGTON

CRAIN, Clinton E., SSgt. PERU, Archie C., 2nd Lt. PETERSEN, Ralph M., Pvt. ROBERTS, Robert T., 1st Lt. WORLEY, Darby M., Fld. Ck.

WEST VIRGINIA

JACOBSON, Joseph E., 1st Lt. McCRAY, Edward P., MTSgt. STRIMBECK, George R., 1st Lt

WISCONSIN

BRANDT, Lester F., PFC CROKER, Edward A., 1st Lt. SULLIVAN, Frederick F., PFC SUNDBY, John A. Jr., PFC ZANUZOSKI, George E., PFC

WYOMING

CORSBERG, Howard C., PFC NEBEL, Alma R., Corp.

















SOUND OFF (continued from page 5)

of taking Naha. The Fourth Marines captured and occupied that part of Naha that lies east of the north-south canal which divides Naha. The 22nd Marines took western Naha after a foothold had been established by Sixth Marine Division Reconnaissance Company. Even the 29th Marines, had a small part in the capture of the eastern suburbs of Naha."-Eds.

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Sire:

In your February "Dope Sheet" you said that Certificates of Satisfactory Service were now being issued with discharges. However, you did not say where we could obtain them. Will you please give me the dope on this?

Earl E. Cox

Cheyenne, Wyo.

• For a wallet-size Certificate of Satisfactory Service write to: Rehabilitation Division, Special Services Branch, Personnel Department, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.—Eds.

THE SPOOK COMPANY

Sirs:

Just received my December issue of Leatherneck and have read it from cover to cover. It's still the best service magazine I can find. I am now discharged and hope to continue to receive Leatherneck as a civilian, so as to keep up with the outfits and some of my old buddies.

I read with interest the article by Sgt. Ralph W. Myers, "Key to the Castle," and would like to correct him on one point. Sgt. Myers states that H Co., 22nd Marines, made the assault on Sugar Loaf. At one time the 22nd Regiment had an H Co., but on Okinawa the 2nd Bn. was made up of Easy, Fox and George Companies, so it could not have been H Co. that made the assault. If this is checked, I think you will find that I am right.

Ex-Sgt. J. W. Stevenson Hackensack, N. J.

 Headquarters Marine Corps informs us that: 'Neither the 22nd Marines nor the 4th Marines had an 'H' Company. The 29th Marines lettered their companies from 'A' to 'I' consecutively and had an 'H' Company in the 3rd Bn. It is difficult to guess what company Sergeant Myers had in mind in his article when he mistakenly or inadvertently used the letter 'H.' "- Eds.

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Spanish
Machine Shop
Mathematics

Practical Electrician
RADIO — General —
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Servicing
Reading Shop
Blueprints
Refrigeration
Stenographic —
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WELDING—Gas

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Saranton, Pa., have had the artivinge of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain Season texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. deficates the above message.







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PHANTOM MARINE (continued from page 25)

been mailed from Conway, a small town north of Little Rock, and Mrs. Langston said it was written in his handwriting. That created another flurry in the national press and William's widow (or wife) came down from Michigan to investigate. Yes, she ad been married again on January 5. Acting with considerab fulgrity in an upsetting situation, the pretty young girl said that the Newport Marine had been the father of her son and that if he were alive she would return to him. Ossignac, her new husband, was understandably confused by the publicity and made no comment.

At this point, The Leatherneck Magazine sent a writer and photographer to Arkansas. The magazine's representatives did





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On the left is Hayden Britten, the cafe owner who shook hands with the stranger. The officer is Newport's Police Chief Moore

not, of course, have official standing. They went to get a true picture of what had happened, and to report it to their Marine readers. For one of two things was obviously true. Either the records of the Corps were incorrect, (which was highly improbable) or someone was playing the grisliest joke of the century. The thought of an impostor writing a letter to the mother of an officially-reported dead Marine, claiming to be that Marine, was so gruesome that it was almost inconceivable. Yet that was the only alternative to believing that William Langston had returned from a Pacific grave.

The Leatherneck team covered over 2000 miles of Arkansas highways and inquired in all the small towns along the way. They went into the local stores and poolrooms; they sat in the beer joints and listened to the natives discussing the case. Once they heard that a wallet card bearing the name of the missing Marine had been found in a Memphis poolroom. The card bore the name, but its owner had vanished again, like a wraith of smoke. No one remembered him.

Seeking another lead, The Leatherneck representatives remembered that the letter to Mrs. Langston had declared that the Marine was going to an Oklahoma hospital to be treated and discharged. So they checked the only two hospitals in that state, Norman and Okmulgee, where naval and Marine patients are treated. That was another dry haul. No man answering the name or description had been there. Furthermore, no limping Marine who was a patient in either hospital had been absent from his ward while the stranger was abroad in Arkansas, creating national headlines.

After this thorough examination of the background of the case, the senior FBI agent in Little Rock was interviewed. He stressed that participation of his agents was unofficial, but as usual, his dossier was complete. Some of the points he brought out were that William Langston had been 26 at the time of his reported death, but that he had a younger brother named Marion who was only 19. This younger brother had been employed in a Washington state shipyard, but early in January of 1945, he had been injured and hospitalized. During this pericd, young Langston had written his mother and an aunt for money. They both responded. On January 6, this brother vanished from a Seattle boardinghouse.

It was known to the FBI that Marion Langston looked like his older brother and had a lump under one kneecap which might have made him limp. Also, he had been injured several years before in an industrial accident and his right index finger was affected. (This threw a bright light on Crownover's observations that the stranger had a bad index finger.)

This news created the automatic inference that Marion Langston was abroad in Arkansas, posing as his own brother. Until he could be located, no final verdict on the case of the Phantom Marine was possible. At the time Leatherneck went to press, Marion had not been found and the stranger had not appeared again. The letter to Mrs. Langston had been forwarded to Washington for examination by handwriting experts, and to be dusted for fingerprints. No results had been announced. The news syndicates which blasted the story into national prominence are quiet as the search for one or the other of the two brothers

continues in Arkansas and the neighboring state of Tennessee. Meanwhile, the town of Newport is split into widely divergent factions. Police Chief Moore is convinced that the stranger was Marion Langston, the younger brother. George Crownover, the old friend with whom the crippled man spent the night, is equally convinced that the man is William Langston. He and several other citizens have raised a considerable amount of money in the belief that the stranger was the missing Marine. There the matter currently rests.

It would be easy enough to say that the visitor was younger brother Marion. That would be a quick solution of the matter. Yet several points remain to confuse the issue. How was the stranger able to call so many Newport people by name, when most of them he recognized had not known the younger brother? How did the stranger know that William Langston's wife had

remarried, a fact her own family did not know?

How could the visitor, if he were the younger brother, have greying hair and look 30 years old if he were only 19 or 20? How could an impostor have a picture of William Langston's wife in his pocket? And even if it was Marion who came into Newport that January afternoon, what possible motive could a boy have in subjecting his own mother to such grief for no visible reason? These are the knotty points that prevent snap

judgment in the baffling Arkansas case.

If the tired man who came limping home on January 19 is, against all probability, really PFC William Willard Langston, the Marine Corps has only one thought. It wants to get him home and correct its record. For William Langston is a man who deserves well of his country. He served it well on the field of battle. If the limping man is Brother Marion, or some other figure yet undisclosed, the solution is much simpler. A man who writes a false letter of resurrection to a grief-stricken mother deserves a touch of intensive combat treatment by a Marine Honor Guard. The Leatherneck and the Corps wait to see what the next development in the strange Arkansas case will be. For somewhere the limping man must turn up again, or be turned up.

JUDO FOR JINNY (continued from page 28)



"SO YOU'VE forgotten what a small town is like. So everyone says you're afraid." He turned to Jinny. "You want a chicken boy friend?"

"You're fouled-up," I told Blake. "I don't care what the town

thinks of me. I'm leaving it."

"Why didn't you take him? Why didn't you smear him just a little? Were you afraid of him?"

I looked at Blake without moving.

Just skip that," he said, rubbing his face. "Just skip all that or I'll start writing about the coming crime wave. What did you do? Kill 'em by looking at 'em?"

I relaxed a little.

"You don't know this guy," he said. "This Stevens is down at Mike's right now bragging about the fight that didn't happen. And he's bragging about what he'll do to you if he ever catches you. What did you do to him anyway?"

"Nothing."

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ce ers "Don't feed me that. Not many people believe him now, but if you take off, you're cooked."

Jinny was picking at her salad. I watched her and I had the feeling that she didn't care what happened to me.
"I'm going to Chicago," I said stubbornly.
"You're still a Marine."

'I've got my ruptured duck."

"You're still in uniform. You're supposed to be a Marine." "Suppose I stay," I said. "How do I prove that I'm a big

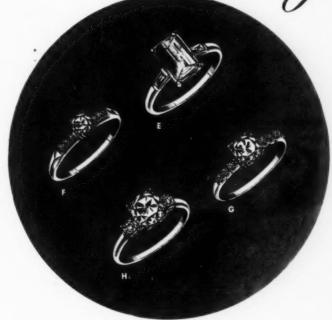
'That's up to you."

"You want me to have an exhibition of how tough I am, just so you can get another story, that's all."
"Wait. You're my old pal. It's not . . . "

"It's not any good," I said. "I'm through fighting." "I give up," said Blake, hopelessly. "How is that veal?"

Then he straightened up slowly in his seat.

"A gift of the gods," he said. He was smiling again. "Glad I TURN PAGE



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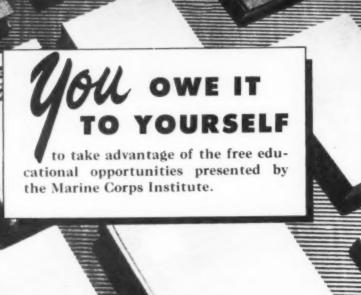
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JUDO FOR JINNY (continued)

met you, Jinny. So long, Quent. See you in jail I hope, I hope." "What's the matter with him?" asked Jinny.

I watched him walking toward the door, and then I saw what his trouble was. Stevens with three of his stooges had come in. They were blundering around looking for a table.

"Nothing wrong with Blake," I said.

Here it was again. Why do these civilians want to fight? There's always some stupid dodo who wants to take a poke at a uniform. I didn't want any part of it, but here it was again. I wasn't afraid now. But I had to find out how Jinny felt about it.

'Jinny," I said, "you're my woman. I'll never love anyone

else. I think we'd be happy together. How about it?"

'I don't know.'

"You're thinking about what Blake said?"

"No. I'm not sure of you, that's all. Why didn't you fight this man? It wasn't because of me, was it?"

"I was afraid that I'd kill him."

"Oh."

She smiled a little, not believing it.

It did sound silly, now that I thought of it. But I had taken the elementary tricks the Marine Corps had taught us, and I'd gone on from there. One of my instructors had been a captured Jap who held the black belt in the sixth degree. That means something to a student of judo. When we weren't in actual combat I spent much of my time practicing. I'm pretty good at it.

Stevens was telling of his triumph. I could hear fragments of

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his conversation now and then.

so I says to him, the Japs were just little fellows weren't they. You're back home in Indiana now, I says to him. And then I hit him in the face and he went down and then he got up and ran. So .

The voice stopped. Then I heard Stevens clearly: "Hey, that's

"How about it, Jinny?" I said. "You like me a lot. We're suited to each other. We have fun when we're together. How about it?"

STEVENS was getting up. He was whispering to the men with him. One of them laughed loudly. Now, Stevens was coming toward our table. This was it. I wondered how he would handle it. It didn't matter much. I intended to keep my nose clean for Jinny's sake.

I hadn't got a good look at Stevens before. He was built like a mule. He lurched up to us, planted one huge hand on the table,

and slapped me on the back, hard. "Want to meet the babe," he said.

Jinny looked from the guy back to me with her mouth open. I smiled at her.

"This is the thing," I said. "There won't be any trouble."
And to Stevens: "My lady is not a babe."
"Maybe this babe ain't no lady," said Stevens, upsetting a glass of water on my freshly pressed trousers.

That did it. All my good intentions went flying out the window. I climbed out of the chair.

"Quent," said Jinny.

"Everything is under control."

"Take me home, Quent."

"Afterwhile," I said.

"If you go out of here without me, I'll never speak to you again," she said.

"He won't go outside, babe," said Stevens. "He's yella as a busted egg.

I picked up my scoop hat. A Marine is always covered. I took Stevens by the arm. "Come on, punk."

'Sure," he said. He smiled and it was a terrible thing to look

at. Jinny was very pale.
"Quent," she said. "Call Mulcahey."

"Worried about me?"

Stevens shoved me. "You're bluffing," he said. "Showing off for the babe. I got guys with me who'll see that you don't run this time.'

"All right."

I felt tired, then. I felt tired and sick.

"So long, Jinny,

The four of them clotted in the doorway after me. They were all taller and broader than I was. I kept thinking, Jinny will notice that. That will scare her, if she cares.

I saw Jinny through the window. She was trying to light a cigaret. Her hands weren't very steady.

There is a park in our town that occupies a city block. The business section is built around the park. There are shrubs and trees and in the center there is a fountain and to one side a speakers' platform where sometimes we had patriotic speeches the street from Mulcahey's to a shouted at us. I walked ne ot. place in the park whe



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"We need grass," I told the punks. "I'm not going to take a chance killing one of you dodos.

I was watching them closely. I took my belt off and held it in my right hand while I unbuttoned my blouse. The Marine blouse is a little tight for fast action. I had my arm halfway out the left sleeve when Stevens came in. I had been expecting that. I slapped him once with the easy end of my belt. I dropped the belt, then slid my arm back into the blouse and waited for him.

"Dirty," said one of the stooges.

Stevens wasn't hurt, but he was a little bit doubtful, now. I was too sure of myself. He was stuck. He had to be brave in front of his audience. He was big and he was willing, but he didn't know the score. He squared away and I let him come in close. He led with his left, just the way the book says, only I had studied a different book and part of the chapters were written in Japanese.

I blocked his punch with my right, forearm and caught his right wrist with my left hand. He didn't have a chance. I took him at the right places, pivoted, grunted a little, and Mr. Stevens went flying over my shoulder and flopped on his back.

Good old grass. No broken glass, no bricks, just grass. I hauled him up, boxed his ears and slammed him down again just for luck. One of his buddies tried to get in the act with a wild swing. I sort of tripped him up and he hit the deck on his face. Good old Colonel Biddle.

I meant to let it go there, but when Stevens hit the deck the last time, he had rolled under a bush. He came out with a whiskey bottle. From that point on, the fight got out of hand.

I threw them as fast as they came at me. I felt good. I lost count after I'd thrown four of them and thought nothing of it, figuring I had thrown the same guy twice. But just as I was giving the last man the business I saw that it was my friend, Jim Blake, who thought he was helping me. I dropped him on Stevens. That didn't help Stevens' twisted shoulder much.

Then another man came in and he was the roughest of the lot. He had a club. I flopped him just for the hell of it.

It was a sorry move, because this guy with the club was wearing a blue uniform. When he got up off the deck rubbing his arm, I saw that it was Bud Schwartz, Jinny's boy friend.

OUR town has one of the finest jails in the State of Indiana. At least, that is what the bulletin published by the Chamber of Commerce says about it. I was in no mood to enjoy it. So far as I knew they were holding me without bail, charging me with resisting arrest, inciting riot, assaulting an officer, disorderly conduct, and failing to keep off the grass.

"You got two visitors," said the jailor.
"Fine," I said. "Have they got the hacksaw blades?"

"Huh?"

Jim Blake had his arm in a sling. He was grinning all over himself.

"No hard feelings," he said. "This night will live in history. Lone Marine Whips Reporter, Cop, and Four Other Drunks." They're sore because you threw Schwartz, who is supposed to be very tough."

"He is tough."

I rubbed my head and winced.

"That doesn't count. He slugged you on the way to jail."

"Sure. He's a good boy."

"You leaving now?"

I grinned.

"I'll fix it," said Blake. "I'll spring you. If that doesn't work, an aroused citizenry may storn this Bastille to rescue you. I'm very happy.

"Good deal," I said. "I'm glad you're happy."

"Aren't you happy? Your girl is outside raising hell because they brought you here instead of taking you to the hospital. She swatted Schwartz an almost lethal blow on the noggin with her handbag. It's wonderful.'

I stood up, not believing it for a moment.

"Tell her to come in."

"She's telling off the chief, now," said Blake. "Stevens has a dislocated shoulder. It's wonderful."

HAVE you ever kissed a girl through the bars of a cell? You ought to try it, but be careful. I tore the skin off both my cheeks, but then I love that woman.

'I think I'd like to learn that judo stuff," she said.

I explained that it might take the rest of my life to teach her the finer points of it.

"That's all right," said Jinny. "We can practice every night." We have a lovely place in Chicago. Come and see us some time. Jinny especially. You'll agree that she's wonderful. But don't let her *' w you.

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iss Information

by PFC Leonard Riblett

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

E THINK you should make the acquaintance of Miss Kaye Frye, who is 21 years old and has a 22-inch waist. These are two good reasons, but there is another. Kaye is "Miss Marine Corps Information."

and we assume this familiarity because we paid 43 cents for her lunch in the cafeteria at Headquarters holds forth on the first deck in the Navy Annex, which is in Arlington, Va., across the Potomac from Washington. She has a booth which is 5 feet wide by 12 feet long, two telephones, two desks and two doors. One door leads into a larger office.

Kaye has been "Miss Marine Corps Information" for a year. Her hours are from 0800 to 1630, less an hour for lunch, and during this time she has answered 67,500 questions, or about one question every two minutes. She manages to enjoy life, however.

In fact, Kaye loves her job. Ten million others

would like to have it, she says.

One reason Kaye likes her work is because she meets famous people like Sterling Hayden, James Roosevelt and Colonel James Devereux, who incidently doesn't like to be called the hero of Wake Island. She also has met Tyrone Power.

"He is the man," she says. General Alexander A. Vandergrift, the Command-

ant, says hello to Kaye once in a while.

When the information-telephone girls at Headquarters don't have the information callers ask for, they transfer their calls to Kaye. Sometimes this gets to be a game. One officer had been shunted to seven different telephones in as many different offices and was just about to call the whole thing off. Then he was given Kaye, who had the information he wanted.

She is supposed to know just about everything that goes on at Headquarters. This covers quite a bit of territory since the Navy Annex has four decks and eight wings accommodating 871 civilian employees and several thousand officers, men and WRs. She must be able to locate any person in any of the 960 offices there. She knows the building's 300 phone extensions by heart and most of the people who will answer these telephones. She has an index for the rare occasions when she needs help.

We poked around a bit in the index, which starts

Sergeant Major Spencer Gartz gets directions from Kaye Frye in Navy Annex information booth

with "Abbott, Marjorie V., Corp. Name changed to Ziegler" and ends with "Zuckerman, Sylvia, Corp., Pers. Rm. 4430, Ext. 7504." We looked for "Ziegler," the name for which Corp. Marjorie had changed her Abbott, but couldn't find it. We didn't have the heart to ask Kaye about it.

Kaye's telephone number is Republic 7400, extension 7368 or 7369. She receives about 75 calls during the day, enough to give the average person cauliflower ears. Kaye has been known to answer her two phones at once. Some of these calls can be very surprising. One woman asked:

"At a party last night I met a Marine Corps colonel whose first name is Bob. Can you give me his last name?

There are about 150 colonels named Bob, Kaye says. Another caller wanted to know what motion picture was playing in the theater at Henderson Hall, which is in the Women's Reserve barracks across the street from the Annex. That was easy, because a WR friend was with her in the booth at the time. People are always phoning to ask what time it is. While we were talking with her someone called to ask, "Who is the old gentleman in the passenger transportation office?"

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Kaye has picked up a lot of friends over on Capitol Hill through her telephone services. Secretaries of Representatives and Senators are always on the wire about something. Kaye doesn't blame the Congressmen; she blames their constituents. They



off from information duties to sponsor a two Marines, Pvt. Frank A. Sisk and Corp. Rita McGoorty



Whenever her other duties permit, Kaye is glad to lend a helping hand operator of an Annex candy and magazine stand to Elbert Harris,



Pretty Kaye Frye isn't bothered by all those \$64 questions at Headquarters she's a gal who knows all the answers

PHOTOS BY LOUIS LOWERY Leatherneck Staff Photographer

very angry captain, indeed. Shaking a finger at Kaye he blew up:

If there wasn't anything between you and me (he meant the cage, we suppose) I'd come in there and beat your ears off."

This is the only time Kaye has been read-off and she didn't like it a bit. A hurried check with her records showed she had been correct. But it seems the colonel in question had moved back to the annex without notifying anyone, which always helps. Right or wrong, she was mad at the world for two days. Since she loves the Marine Corps she got over it.

Kaye also runs an unofficial date bureau. This is because she knows nearly everyone in the building, which may or may not be a good thing. About three times a day someone asks her for a date, personally, but they are only kidding — she says. This is just a small part of a great deal of airy banter she bats

around during a day's work.

We asked her if this kidding included officers, but it seems the answer is no.

"There are too many generals sitting around here, I guess," Kaye explained.

There are many very comely WRs at Headquarters, and Kaye often is asked to make introductions. Very attractive herself, she thinks this is a hell of a situation. None of the introductions she has made

has led to marriage.

Kaye also conducts an unofficial "advice to the lovelorn" bureau, which is giving her something of a big-sister complex. There must be something wrong a guy who looks at Kaye and sees a big sister. But Marines and sailors insist upon telling her their troubles. These come in three types - blonde, brunette or red head. Many are youngsters who married just before shipping out. A lot of married men are stationed in Washington, which is the antithesis of Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love. They want to go out with some of the Capital's belles, but are bothered by a thing called conscience. They ask Kaye if it is all right.

In her spare time, which she has little of, Kaye

has managed to sell at least \$10,000 worth of War Bonds every month, together with her booth-mate, Lucie Holtzclaw. In the Seventh War Loan Drive their combined sales totaled \$192,000. While we were talking to her she sold two \$100 bonds, \$50 and one \$25. And once in a while, she helps Mr. Elbert Harris, who is blind, in his cigaret and magazine stand across the companionway. admits she doesn't know one cigar from another, but the customers don't mind.

Kaye has a lot of trouble with characters who don't know how to ask for information. They usually start with a sob story, a tiresome technique. She likes questions to be clear and concise. The mispronouncing of names can cause a lot of confu-sion. Like the time she was asked for "the commander." She tried to get his name, since there are a lot of commanders, but the customer didn't know. It turned out he was asking for "the Commandant." (The customer was not a Marine.)

The alcove behind Kaye's booth serves as a cloakroom at times, and occasionally people ask if they can leave parcels there while they go topside. One officer left a package that gurgled happily. The storing of joy-juice is strictly against regulations. He didn't admit anything, and since she couldn't

very well open the package, she had to let it go.

Kaye is a very busy girl who, nevertheless, manages to have fun in her two-by-four madhouse. Her blue eyes, her dimples and her blonde and naturally curly hair see to this. In about a year she plans to go home to Minneapolis and be married. There is no one in mind in particular, so the line forms on the left as you walk in the door at Headquarters. She collects pictures of famous people and keeps them in a scrapbook. If you are famous she will appreciate your sending her a picture.

Kaye is so used to answering questions automatically that when we, without warning, asked her for her home telephone number she popped it out without thinking.

It is Glebe 5472. Any questions?

want to know when certain units will be returned Stateside, how overseas people can be located, requirements for emergency furloughs and the scoop at the moment on the discharge-point system.

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Between people entering the Annex for the first time and regular customers using her booth for a meeting place, Kaye has a very busy day. We were with her for an hour and during that time she was visited by one colonel, two lieutenants, one tech sergeant and a corporal, all Marine Corps, and the following Navy personnel: one lieutenant com-mander, three lieutenants, two ensigns and a seaman

As you can see, most of her business was Navy, and Kave is not required to have any information about anything but the Marine Corps. Being Kaye, she knows almost as much about what goes on in Navy departments as do the Navy's information girls. Their problems were simple, though, and nothing like the time a lady asked if Kaye would mind her baby while she went upstairs. Kaye had to refuse on the ground that if the phone rang and the baby cried at the same time she would have to neglect her job. You can stop a telephone conversation by hanging up, but not a baby.

WHEN you enter the Annex for the first time, you feel the need of a map. There are no maps. The main companionway is so long that its perspective reaches the vanishing point down around the seventh wing. This does not settle your nerves when you are there to see "the man," who may be anything from a warrant officer to the Commandant. This brings up another point.

Servicemen going to headquarters, especially enlisted people, usually won't talk to anyone above the rank of captain. There was one lieutenant who wouldn't talk to anyone higher than major. They plead with Kaye to find the right man for them. This is the wrong attitude, because, she says, the higher the rank, the more human the officer.

One day a captain asked her where he could find a certain colonel. His office, according to the records, was in Temporary 2, which is a building at Seven-teenth and D Streets in the District of Columbia, a right fair piece from the Annex. Then she forgot about the captain. The next day he returned, a



Here Kaye is shown looking at her index file, just to oblige Photographer Lowery. Actually, she seldom uses the thing because she knows all the Annex office-holders and their locations by heart

Flying eyes that will be able to peer far behind an enemy's lines, now are being trained in this Quantico school

AIR. BSERVERS



Quantico has blossomed out with a new school—Air Observation. In this classroom scene Lieutenant R. L. Wakefield is receiving instructions on the use of radio communications

Students before graduating from the Air Observation School must be proficient in both ending and receiving on the radio. Here a group is shown practicing in the code room



UANTICO, the educational seat of the Marine Corps, has a new member school on its roll. The Air Observation School, born at Pearl Harbor during the war, has been moved Stateside to hang out its shingle in a now quiet retreat beside the broad Potomac. Those Marines who attend it will get their dope straight from men who served as air observers from Guadalcanal to Okinawa.

There is nothing new about air observation for artillery and infantry. The airplane's first combat employment in World War I was for observation. Pursuits and bombers evolved from the observer. But not until Guadacanal did Marines, always among the top ranks of fighting fliers, turn to the Cub and Stinson as professional observers for Marine troops alone.

The impassability and denseness of Guadalcanal hampered ground observers so much that something had to be done. A small group of officers, untrained in air observation, was called to Henderson Field by the Marine command and flown over the Jap lines in fast combat aircraft. Quickly the new business turned to map making, too, and the handheld terrain photos they came back with were a welcome novelty to Intelligence.

When the 'Canal was finally secured, the Intelligence Section of the Second Division arranged to have several officers trained as aerial observers. To accomplish this, a reconnaissance squadron of the Royal New Zealand Air Force was placed at the division's disposal.

Many of those indoctrinated in this first training program are today on the staff of the AOS. This pioneering group, led by Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Duchein, served in all Marine operations from Bougainville to Okinawa, winning the praise and gratitude of everyone from Marine private storming the beachheads, to commanding general.

You'll find Air Observation School in a long, low building that also serves to house the VMO squadron used to fly the observer students — Marine officers who have had a thorough background in the application of infantry tactics. The course takes 14 weeks. It consists of training in gunnery, briefing, artillery, navigation, communications, radar and plane familiarization.

The air observer is a flying Jack-of-all-trades. He is completely at home in his plane and his eyes are constantly riveted to the ground. He directs his pilot to fly the most suitable courses and patterns necessary to accomplish his mission. He knows stand-by procedures in case of radio failure, because his information must get back. He can take handheld photographs, drop emergency cargo and, when necessary, handle his plane's guns to beat off enemy aircraft. Before he sets foot in a plane to fly his "on-station" hours, the air observer is thoroughly familiar with the current and projected tactical situation. His mind and hands are full.

PFC IRVIN C. JACOBSEN Leatherneck Staff Write:



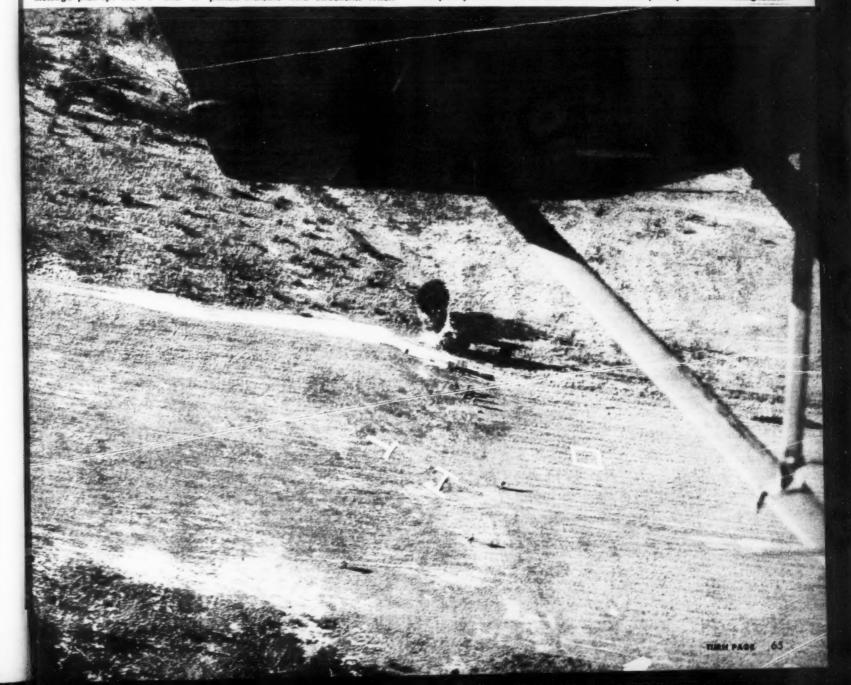
A student air observer practices dropping a message to the ground troops from this low-flying plane. Enemy movements were reported to our land forces by this method during the last war



Master Technical Sergeant H. C. Clay radios for a plane to come in low for a message pick-up

This photo was taken from a plane circling the spot designated for the message pick-up. The "T" and "H" panels indicate wind directions. When

the plane swoops in low it will try to drop a message in the diamondshaped panel and haul in another one from pick-up lines on the ground





This is the method used for snatching dispatches from the ground. A line cast from the plane fouls in the ground lines to which the message is attached. The message is then hauled into the plane

This student finds that aerial photography is an important phase of observers' school

BENEFITS OF RE-ENLISTING

THE advantages of remaining or re-enlisting in the Marine Corps, of perhaps making a career of it, were detailed in a communique sent The Leatherneck by Colonel W. S. Fellers, officer in charge of the Marine Corps Division of Recruiting.

"With an anticipated peacetime strength of 100,000 enlisted men for the Corps," the colonel wrote, "many opportunities and benefits are offered to a veteran Marine who re-enlists and makes the service his career. Service in the Corps today offers change, variety, and limitless opportunities."

Many of the advantages are generally known, particularly to the ex-serviceman who checks the potentialities of service life against civilian plans. But a recounting here of some of the high spots will be in line with Col. Fellers' purpose in writing his communique.

Pay is probably the most important consideration. The enlisted Marine may, for Stateside duty, make from \$50 to \$207 a

month, depending upon rank and length of service. Base pay for the seven pay grades continues at \$50, \$54, \$66, \$78, \$96, \$114, and \$138. Base pay increases five per cent after each three years of service, up to a maximum of 50 per cent. Other "extras" continue also. If a man is detailed to duty involving flying, he gets 50 per cent extra; if he is outside the U.S., he gets an extra 20 per cent.

There are two types of retirement benefits. After 30 years of service in the Corps, a veteran may, upon application, receive 75 per cent of his base pay for the rest of his life. His 30 years can include service in the Army and Navy. After 20 years of naval service, including time in the Marine Corps, he may be transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with 50 per cent of his base pay.

The family allowance is guaranteed for the entire enlistment period, Col. Fellers said. The wartime scale will prevail: \$50 a month for a wife, \$30 for the first child, \$20 for each additional child, and up to a \$50 total in additional sums for other family dependents. The usual monthly deduction of \$22 from the Marine's pay will continue in case of allowances.

Immediate re-enlistment will not deprive

the Marine of his \$200 or \$300 musteringout pay. A \$50 bonus will be given upon re-enlistment in the regular Corps for each full year served on the previous enlistment. Former Marines who re-enlist'as regulars within 90 days of discharge will get the remaining portion of 90 days from date of discharge as re-enlistment furlough. A twoyear enlistment rates 60 days' leave; three and four-year enlistments rate 90 days.

This period of 90 days from discharge plays a further part in the life of the career Marine. If he gets back in within that time limit, he will be reappointed to the same rank, with the same date of rank held when last discharged, no matter whether that last rank was permanent or temporary. After the termination of the national emergency, a non-commissioned officer with a temporary rank will not revert to his permanent rank, as had been the case before, with the exception of a few in the first three pay grades. He will retain his present rank regardless of the temporary status.

Courses in many practical subjects, as well as in arts and sciences, also are available in correspondence courses to the man who stays in the Corps.

10

of

This covers the picture for the man who would become a career Marine.

The Leatherneck BOOKSHOP

The following five pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy guide for those interested in good reading. Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented. This list provides an excellent opportunity for you to secure many hours of entertainment and relaxation.

Order books by number using form on page 71.

CLOAK and DAGGER

by Lt. Col. Corey Ford and Major Alastair MacBain



The incredible exploits of the fabulous Office of Strategic Services revealed for the first time.

1864

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UP FRONT

by Bill Mauldin



108A

Over 100 cartoons by this famous cartoonist as well as a running story of his observations and experiences at the front.

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Now it's cheaper to laugh than to cry!



● Here are 600 of the funniest stories Bennett Cerf has ever heard, retold as only the author of TRY AND STOP ME can tell them. At SI for the 600 jokes, you get six laughs for one peny... a wonderful buy in any language (not to mention the delightfully cockeyed illustrations by Carl Rose. and a complete index). At this price, the new beststeller by Cerf is within reach of practically everybody who has any money.

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Edited by BENNETT CERF

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187A

The KING'S GENERAL

by Daphne du Maurier

Hairbreadth escapes and exciting events punctuate this novel by the author of "REBECCA."



\$2.75 177A

DUTY to LIVE

by Emmett Dedmon



188A

A glimpse into the lives of the men who man a flying fortress.

\$2.50



Forever Amber

by Katheleen Winsor

Restoration England under Charles II. A glamorous and powerful characterization, magnificent in its sweep of events.

166A

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by Josiah Greene

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by Alice Tisdale Hobart

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155A

\$2.75

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by Elizabeth Goudge

"A fine piece of fiction skilfully and satisfactorily wrought...a great story of love . . . a soundly conceived historical tale."

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by Wilbur Steele

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The funniest cracks, comments and stories of our wittiest citizens in the literary and entertainment world. It would be an untruth to say that there is a laugh on every page. There are several laughs to every page.

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by Josephine Pinckney

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149A

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Soul stirring story of five men and one woman who face the terrible challenge of an unconquered mountain, each in the hope of finding at its summit the answer to his own desperate need.

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Arch of Triumph

by Erich Maria Remarque



Another great novel by the author of "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT." Once more he creates a group of characters who stand out as memorable individuals, yet who symbolize and interpret our common humanity.

\$3.00

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by M. M. Musselman

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A Lion is in the Streets

by Adria Locke Langley



A great love story: a great character study; a great novel. Month after month a national best seller.

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ON TO WESTWARD

by Robert Sherrod
The author of "TARAWA": the story of a battle



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on foot into the bloody depths of battle. "ON TO WESTWARD" is Robert Sherrod's personal record of the campaign as it appeared to him, a campaign as spectacular as it was successful, as well as his detailed story of the key battles he witnessed at TARAWA, SAIPAN, IWO JIMA — and the landing on OKINAWA.

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The books listed on these pages are arranged in the order of content so that you may easily select the ones that interest you most.

Many of these books are of special interest to discharged veterans. Marines who want to add to their collection of books about the Marine Corps will find this list of real value. A wide variety of entertaining and informative reading is included.

Send your order today to insure prompt delivery. Use handy order form on page 71.

The paintings and sketches in this book are the work of Marines.

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120

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Sidelights

ORPORAL JEROME PERLMAN, USMC, had his seabag packed and was waiting for transportation home after two years in the Philippines. The date was December 8, 1941, Philippine time. Perlman made it home all right — four years and several concentration camps later.

He got away to Corregidor the day Bataan fell. Four weeks later, with other Marines of the old Fourth Regiment, he watched apprehensively as the Nips swarmed ashore. The night before the island's flag had been burned and a white flag whipped out its message of surrender.

The Japs paraded their captives through the streets of Manila before removing them to Cabanatuan prison camp to make them feel the humiliation of defeat. Maybe some of them felt it. Most of them, Perlman says, were just tired, hungry and a little punchy from shellfire and no sleep. And worried about what was going to happen next.

Cabanatuan was a nightmare of beatings, disease and starvation. It was a relief to get transferred to a labor detail loading and unloading ships for the aeronautical bureau in Manila. Perlman recalls this as the easiest time he had during his four-year imprisonment. The work was hard, but they were fed four times a day to keep their strength up and they were reasonably well treated.

They had plenty of opportunity for looting. For a cut of the loot the Jap guards, who weren't fed too well either, looked the other way. Under these conditions it wasn't long before the prisoners began feeling frisky enough to work out a program of sabotage in cooperation with Filipinos.

There was the time they loaded gasoline and munitions on a Jap hospital ship. They got the word to some girls who worked near them on the docks. Later the hospital ship was sunk. Perlman likes to think it was because of the information he helped get out. When he was assigned to work in an electrical shop near the docks he tried to burn up the equipment, baring live wires to cause shorts.

The prisoners worked hard and the Japs allowed them a certain amount of recreation — volley ball and baseball, an occasional American movie and plenty of propaganda films. Nip newsreel photographers took pictures of their baseball team playing a team composed of guards. The guards won, of course, and everyone was happy; the guards with their victory, the newsreel men with their pictures of Nip supremacy, and the prisoners because happy guards treated them better.

PERLMAN saw "Vivacious Lady," "Sergeant York" and "Pinocchio" while he was in Bilibid prison. The Jap guards especially liked "Sergeant York," he reports. They thought he was quite a guy.

In July of 1944 a lot of the prisoners were jammed into the holds of ships and transferred to Japan, arriving at Moji on Kyushu Island August 4, 1944. Their convoy was attacked on the way and a tanker was hit. The Jap guards got excited during the shooting and made ready to drop hand grenades among the prisoners if their ship was attacked. It wasn't, and Perlman got safely to Japan. They made the rest of the trip to Nagoya

They made the rest of the trip to Nagoya by train. Perlman remembers the box lunches, Japanese style, they were given during the 22-hour train ride. As a matter of fact, he can remember almost every meal he had, good or bad, during his four-year trial. The box lunches contained cooked rice, a pickled cherry

and dehydrated sea weed. They were given hot tea at every stop.

After ten days rest at Nagoya — they needed it to recover from their sea trip — the men were assigned to a locomotive factory. Perlman was a switchman and brakeman, but most of the men were given back-breaking coolie labor. The Japs worked the prisoners about seven hours a day, with an hour off for lunch. They had two days off a month. There was not much disease among the men after they got to Japan, though they continued to suffer from malnutrition and beri beri.

They were fed fairly well, about as well as the Japs, Perlman guesses, though to white men it seemed impossible to exist on such small quantities of such poor food. There was practically no meat, so the occasional frog they captured in swamps adjacent to the camp was a prized delicacy. A little more than a year ago they were eating grasshoppers fried crunchy crisp in soy sauce. "Good too," Perlman says.

On January 14, 1945, B-29s roared low over their camp and they heard bombs falling nearby. Perlman ran to the door of the barracks and yanked it open just in time to be knocked down by the concussion blast. All the windows were broken. but no one was hurt. During the bombing the camp commandant ran in and shouted.

"If you do not obey my orders you will be killed on the spot. If you do I will protect you."

He was so scared he was shaking.

Next day all the prisoners were required to write essays on what they thought of the raid.

THINGS kept getting worse for the Japs as the raids increased. Their locomotive plant was knocked out and they were assigned to a new factory. Most of the days seemed to be occupied with clearing up bomb wreckage. They had three prisoners in camp who were members of a B-29 crew. These were kept in solitary confinement and beaten every day, especially after big raids.

The civilian guards were the most brutal. Many of them were ex-servicemen, demobilized for wounds. The navy men and Formosan guards were next, and the best were the regular army men. The soldiers tried to be friendly, especially to the prisoners who had wives and children. Every Jap carries pictures of his family, Perlman says, and is anxious to talk about them. The way to a Jap's heart is to show interest in his kids.

Perlman could never understand the Japs and has given up trying. They had one guard, he says, who would be friendly one moment and beating men with a pick handle the next. An hour later he would be around apologizing and passing out cigarets.

"Just can't trust 'em," Perlman observes with remarkable understatement.

They were told on August 20 that Japan was surrendering, though they had suspected as much for almost a week. On September 2 they were released and began the trip home.

The greatest thrill after his release might have been when he saw the first Marines. Or maybe that first meal aboard the hospital ship Rescue, or the party the new Fourth Regiment gave for the surviving members of the old Fourth. It might have been that moment just out of San Francisco when the fog lifted for a moment and high above them the ex-POWs saw the Golden Gate bridge. It's hard to say, now. Most likely it was that moment when he walked up the front steps of his home in Milwaukee and saw his folks for the first time in more than six years.

Periman, now 28, joined the Corps in Chicago, June 22, 1939, and took his boot training at MCB in San Diego. He shipped to Cavite aboard the USS Henderson on November 13, 1939. Now, he's signing up for another hitch.



BALLANTINE



PFC Ralph W. Ballantine, Jr., who drew the "Marine's World" map on Pages 36 and 37, is a member of Leatherneck's art staff. Born in Michigan,

he lived on a farm near Ann Arbor, studied at Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State Universities, painted murals for, and managed, a Summer theater in Detroit, ran an art studio in Lansing, then went to work for the Federal Screw Works in Detroit. In odd hours he raised English bulldogs, hunted, and did some work on ceramic figurines.

Ballantine is 26 years old and has a wife called Sis and a son named Peter, who is 15 months old.

PROSSER



PFC Robert M. Prosser is an old newspaperman, having spent ten of his 30 years reporting police stories, working on the copy desk and covering the

neighboring city of Council Bluffs, Ia., for the Omaha (Nebr.) World-Herald. He has also written stories (including "Murder on Mother's Day") for True Detective Magazine.

Prosser decided to write "H-Day on the Home Front" (starting on Page 6) while trying to establish a home in California. Coming to Washington and Leatherneck from San Diego and the Chevron, he found the problem just as exciting. Prosser's family includes a wife and a six-year-old daughter, both named Pat.

SMITH



PFC Luther Smith, 18 years old and an assistant editor of *The* Leatherneck, has mapped his future with great care and decision. Licensed as a Baptist

minister in Birmingham, Ala., he will return there for eight years more of ministerial study, then go to China or India as a missionary after his stay in the Marine Corps.

Luther enlisted five days after VJ-Day and is planning a three-year cruise as a regular in the Marine Corps. He has written one published short story and many verses, sold men's clothing, fished, and run the 440. His only living relative is his mother, Mrs. Luther Smith.

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